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THE GOVERNMENT'S FOREIGN POLICY :

A Defence

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THE whole question of British foreign policy was raised in an acute form in the debate on the adjournment of the House of Commons on July 30th, and once again left, without any consensus of opinion or agreement upon fundamentals in the political melting-pot.

A large section of the Labour party, supported by Mr. Lloyd George, the Communists, and a not inconsiderable portion of the Press, want us to take our stand firmly and unequivocally with the "Left" group of European Powers in resolute resistance to "Fascist" and military aggression all over the world. A smaller section, on the extreme Right, want us to pursue a policy of armed isolation, and no intervention except in the case of physical attack on the British Empire. The Government, supported, if bye-election results are any criterion, by the great majority of our people, rejects both these policies—the first on the ground that it must lead inevitably to an ideological world war; the second on the ground that it is impracticable. The development of the aeroplane, and of modern long-range artillery, has made it difficult for anyone—including Lord Beaverbrook himself—to tolerate a German occupation of the Low Countries and of the Channel seaboard.

Mr. Eden laid down the general lines of the foreign policy he intended to pursue in a comprehensive speech at Leamington a year ago, which did not attract the attention it deserved. It is an unspectacular policy. Designed primarily to keep this country out of war during the next two or three critical years, it is necessarily subject to the limitations imposed by our inadequate armaments, and by the appalling heritage of the immediate past.

Mr. Eden is the first member of the post-War generation to attain real power in this country, and for this reason I believe that many politicians of the old school find it difficult to appreciate or even understand his methods. In any case it is difficult to see the present ferment abroad in a proper perspective, unless we cast our minds back to some of the events which gave rise to it. For what is taking place in the world to-day is not simply a meaningless and terrifying nightmare from which there is no escape. The tyranny and bloodshed, the poverty and misery, which grip so many nations, have causes, like everything else in life. And these causes are partly of our own making. What are they? And can they be removed in time to prevent world catastrophe? This article is an attempt to answer these questions.

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It is convenient to divide the period under review into three distinct and separate phases, (1) the Treaty of Versailles; (2) Mr. Lloyd George's direction of British Foreign Policy from 1919 to 1922; and (3) the period of paralysis in the direction of British Foreign Policy from 1923 onwards.

At the end of 1918 the German people lay crushed and helpless at the feet of the Allies. Two clear alternatives presented themselves. The first was to break up the German Empire, and to create in Central Europe a number of independent States, with separate national aspirations and Governments, but bound together in a political federation by the closest economic ties. In such a federation—a modern revival of the Holy Roman Empire—Bavaria, Austria, Hungary and Bohemia would no doubt have been called to play important rôles. New interests and enthusiasms would have been aroused, and some old traditions revived. The monarchical principle might, with advantage, have been retained in a new form. That such a conception was seriously entertained by the War Cabinet in 1917 is clear from General Smuts' account of his peace conversations in Switzerland with Count Mensdorff. But it does not appear to have survived victory.

The second alternative was to maintain the political homogeneity of the German Empire and people, and to negotiate with them on the basis of President Wilson's famous Fourteen Points.

In the event neither course was adopted by the Allied and Associated Powers. Austria and Hungary were cut to pieces in a manner which made no sense either from a political or an economic point of view. Germany was retained as a political entity, and therefore as one of the most potentially powerful nations in the world ; but subjected to the most humiliating conditions that could be devised.

It is possible, and certainly charitable, to forget the 1918 Election, and some of the wilder proposals—such as hanging the Kaiser—to which Mr. Lloyd George then lent the full weight of his authority. Alas, we cannot forget the terms of a Treaty which was never negotiated, but settled in secret by the Allies, and then roughly imposed upon helpless and temporarily subject people. It is instructive to-day to re-read the Fourteen Points, and see how far they were translated into action by the allied "statesmen" at Versailles—what became there of open covenants of peace openly arrived at, the removal of economic barriers, the reduction of armaments, the "free open-minded and absolutely impartial adjustment of Colonial claims," the evacuation of all Russian territory, the adjustment of the frontiers of Italy along "clearly recognizable lines of nationality" the opportunity to the peoples of Austria-Hungary for "autonomous development," the creation of a Poland "inhabited by an indisputably Polish population."

Versailles is the quaking-bog upon which the League of Nations was founded, and has since founder. Its monstrous terms, its fantastic frontiers are those with which Geneva was indissolubly entwined, and is still pledged to defend.

Once that treaty was signed, only one path of escape remained. If the League had tried to forget its horrible political legacy, and had concentrated its activities upon the economic field, it might have restored a measure of prosperity to poverty-stricken Europe, and subsequently built a new world order upon the comparatively solid foundation of economic federation.

But economics were not fashionable in 1919, and this path was never taken. The Supreme Economic Council—so much more promising than that other Supreme Council—was precipitately dissolved ; and Geneva was encouraged to believe

that it was a political assembly of free, equal, and friendly Sovereign States.

Most of these States were not free, none of them were equal, and—as Mr. H. G. Wells has truly pointed out—the modern State has teeth and claws by nature, since it was created and lives primarily for the purpose of attack and defence. You might as well have put a lot of angry and dissatisfied tigers and cats of every size and sort into a cage with insufficient food and expected them to arrange a peaceful solution of their problems amongst themselves.

That Mr. Lloyd George's intentions were on the whole good during the period when he exercised dictatorial power in this country cannot be denied. He struggled hard to undo some of the damage caused by the treaties for which he bore an un-escapable responsibility. But, with the best will in the world, it is impossible to discern a single underlying principle governing his conduct of foreign affairs.

The fundamental problem confronting him was the problem of French security. He never faced it. With the result that successive French Governments allied themselves with the forces of darkness and destruction.

Mr. Lloyd George's apologists are accustomed to point to the Polish question, and to the question of reparations, as examples of his efforts to mitigate the severities of Versailles and improve the general European situation. But they are not very convincing.

Mr. Harold Nicolson was an unbiassed observer of events, by no means unsympathetic to the Prime Minister. His comment (in *Peacemaking*, 1919) on the Polish-Russian war is as follows :

"The traditions of diplomacy enjoin that Great Britain should neither threaten nor promise in circumstances in which her threats or her promises cannot, with complete certainty, be fulfilled. In the Polish crisis of 1920 there was no such certainty. Great Britain should have indulged in neither threats nor promises. She indulged in both. And both were falsified."

And on the Polish-German frontier ;

"We certainly allowed the Germans to believe that we should insist upon a fair solution of the Silesian problem, and when, with British approval, a demonstrably unfair solution was imposed by the League of Nations, the German Government became convinced that no reliance whatsoever could be placed in British promises of support

It is not to be denied that our handling of the Silesian question was so intermittent, so equivocal, and so timid, that we ended by bringing upon our heads the angered contempt of both parties to the controversy."

Or take the case of reparations. Mr. Lloyd George compromised himself at the outset by including war pensions in the bill for damages, and by the attitude he took up over the German mercantile marine. Subsequently he acquiesced in a reparations policy, the folly of which both he and his Government fully realized, and the result of which was the irretrievable ruin of the German middle class. In April, 1922, the British Prime Minister did make a valiant and desperate attempt to save Europe from the abyss into which she was rapidly plunging. He summoned a World Conference to meet at Genoa. It was virtually a single-handed attempt, because most of his Cabinet colleagues regarded the conference as a whole, and in particular the invitation to the Russians to attend it, with unconcealed suspicion and even hostility. But apart from some admirable resolutions on currency, which were never translated into action, nothing was achieved at Genoa. Thereafter the waters moved more swiftly towards the precipice.

Finally there was the Eastern question. The story of Mr. Lloyd George's championship of Venizelos is too well known to require recapitulation. In a special sense this was a personally conducted policy, carried through to its disastrous conclusion in the face of intermittent opposition from those of his colleagues who were most directly affected by its results—Lord Curzon, Mr. Churchill, Mr. Montagu—and from the Imperial General Staff. The inevitable crisis was reached in the autumn of 1922. The Coalition Government came to an end because public opinion in this country would not support a war with Turkey in behalf of a political faction in Greece. A similar fate would assuredly befall the National Government to-day if it tried to involve us in war with Italy on behalf of either of the contending parties in Spain.

With the departure of Mr. Lloyd George the phase of ceaseless and, it must be added, unprincipled British activity in foreign affairs came to an end. Despite his good intentions, he left Europe a shambles. There followed a lengthy period of stagnation, during which constructive leadership of any kind was

conspicuous by its absence, and the general situation slowly but steadily deteriorated.

By 1925 it was obvious that Russia had ceased to be a menace from the British point of view, and might prove to be a useful check on Japanese imperialist expansion in the Far East. Yet our relations with the Soviet Government went from bad to worse.

In the spring of 1926 the present writer, accompanied by three Conservative colleagues in the House of Commons, went to Moscow to study conditions. We came to the conclusion that the time was ripe for the conclusion of a comprehensive Anglo-Russian trade agreement and reported accordingly. The response of the Home Secretary, Sir William Joynson-Hicks, was to carry out a raid on Arcos, the Soviet trade headquarters in London. When he discovered nothing of an incriminating nature he was obliged to ask the Foreign Office to draw up a general anti-Russian "dossier" for the consumption of the public. The results of this exceedingly foolish action, which was apparently never sanctioned by the Cabinet, were serious for this country. The Russians turned to Germany, from whom they obtained a series of large medium and long-term credits. Meanwhile the British Government, through the Bank of England, was urging the merchant bankers of the City of London to lend money to, and invest in, Germany. Millions of pounds were poured into Berlin. The Germans handed them on—with a rake-off—to the Soviet Government, and thus secured practically all the Russian trade, and most of the contracts for the capital reconstruction of the U.S.S.R., which might otherwise have been placed with British firms. I remember being called a Bolshevik at the time because I made a speech in which I suggested that Russian credit might prove to be sounder than German. But this view was fully justified by events. The Russians have repaid in gold every penny of the enormous sums which they borrowed from the Germans over a period of years. But the greater part of the money we so cheerfully sank in Germany between 1924 and 1929 we shall never see again.

A final opportunity for reconciliation and appeasement with the Germany of Weimar came when, on the initiative of Lord d'Abernon, negotiations for a Western pact were opened up.

and brought to a successful conclusion at Locarno. It should have been grasped with both hands by Great Britain. But it was not.

Despite the friendly protestations of M. Briand and of Sir Austen Chamberlain, Locarno was never followed up. The occupation of the Rhineland was continued. So were reparations. Even the proposed economic *Anschluss* between Germany and Austria was not allowed. Thus the one post-War effort for peace which cast a genuine ray of light through the gathering gloom was never expanded to the point of realization ; and the dying Stresemann was forced to confess that the German youth which might have been captured for peace and civilization had been irretrievably lost. As has been pointed out, much private money was pumped into Central Europe between 1925 and 1929 ; but private money brings no balm to the soul of a nation suffering from deeply wounded pride. Those of us who visited Germany frequently during these years watched with deepening dismay the mushroom growth of Hitlerism under the impetus of psychological despair. The French were blind to events they did not wish to see. And we were blind because we did not want to be bothered, and it was easier to paddle along in the wake of France.

There was, in fact, a total lack of constructive leadership in Europe. Right up to the last moment before Hitler seized the reins of power Messrs. MacDonald, Herriot and Co., were still fiddling about with disarmament at Geneva and reparations at Lausanne. No use to explain to these gentlemen that armaments are merely a symptom of conditions, and that the only way to reduce them is to change the conditions which are their cause.

With the burning of the Reichstag, and the advent of Hitler to power, the whole scene changed. Nevertheless, we allowed M. Barthou to turn down a specific German offer of arms limitation long after everyone except the British Secret Service knew that Germany had begun to re-arm. The Disarmament Conference, which at no point or period touched reality, continued its fatuous course until it was literally battered out of existence by the series of well-directed blows from Berlin, which culminated in the occupation of the Rhineland. This was not a process that any of us liked. But I am by no means sure

that it was not an inevitable consequence of the bunglings and blunderings of the post-War decade.

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What has happened since is fresh in the memory of us all. There is fortunately no need to dwell on a series of episodes which were both painful and humiliating to this country.

It will be sufficient to summarize the conditions under which Mr. Eden was handed the seals of office as Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs :—

- (1) He had hopelessly inadequate forces at his disposal because, for reasons of internal politics, we had started to re-arm two years too late.
- (2) The withdrawal of Japan and Germany had gravely impaired the power of the League of Nations. The refusal of the French and British Governments to apply oil sanctions to Italy, culminating in the Hoare-Laval proposals, had completely shattered its prestige. In these circumstances the League had, for all practical purposes, ceased to be an effective instrument of policy.
- (3) The withdrawal of the United States from Europe and from the League after the war, followed by the attitude of the British Government towards Mr. Stimson's overtures at the time of the Japanese invasion of Manchukuo, had greatly decreased the chances of effective diplomatic co-operation between the British Empire and the U.S.A. in the Far East.
- (4) Civil strife in Spain was rapidly developing on "ideological" lines, with the protagonists of Fascism and Communism intervening on an increasing scale.
- (5) Owing primarily to the gigantic re-armament of the Military-Fascist Powers and the speed with which it was carried out, the initiative in foreign affairs had already passed from Geneva to Berlin, Rome, and Tokyo, where vital decisions affecting the peace of the world could be taken at a moment's notice.

The prospect was one to daunt the stoutest heart. Mr. Eden faced it with a courage and coolness which command the admiration of his countrymen.

What was his immediate objective ?

To play for time, to keep this country out of war, and to prevent the outbreak of a general war in Europe. During two of the most difficult and anxious years through which we have ever passed, this objective has been successfully attained, in the face of ceaseless destructive criticism from the parties of the Left.

To those who say that the aim is neither ambitious nor noble, the retort must be made that, when you have been reduced to the desperate straits in which we found ourselves only a short time ago, it is unwise to fly too high. Mr. Eden has larger aims of a more far-reaching character, which he propounded in the Leamington speech, and which he can be trusted to pursue when he has the strength to do so, and the opportunity presents itself. His fundamental belief in the principle of collective security, sanely applied, has never been shaken ; and, at the most critical moments, he has never failed to give expression to it. Meanwhile collective security has yet to be given concrete form, and we have still to cut our cloth according to none too large a measure.

We have certain "selective" commitments, which have been unhesitatingly accepted by Mr. Eden. We are bound to go to the defence of France, of Belgium, and of Holland, in the case of unprovoked attack upon any of them. This is the most formidable military commitment ever undertaken by this country. We are bound to keep the Mediterranean open. We are bound to prevent Japanese imperial aggression South of the Equator. And, last, but not least, we are bound, in conjunction with the United States, to retain control over the oceans of the world. No less than in the past, sea power remains the basis of our existence.

We are now, at last, building up sufficient forces to enable us to discharge these tremendous obligations. But one thing is certain. We are in no position to add to our military commitments.

This is what angers Mr. Lloyd George. He says, in effect, "If you go on saying you won't fight for this or that, then there is no limit to Fascist aggression." He is supported by the Labour Party, who say "Line up with the left—your friends—against the right—your enemies."

Well, we fought one world war to make the world safe for democracy, and the results are there for all to see. To adopt this policy is to make another "ideological" world war inevitable; and, for my part, I cannot believe that the results would be any better. They might even be worse.

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What are the lessons to be learnt from the dismal history of these post-war years, most of which Mr. Lloyd George taught us himself? First, that since Great Britain is no longer invulnerable from foreign attack, we are no longer in a position to impose our authority in every quarter of the globe where we conceive that wrong is being done. Our main preoccupation for the next few years must be to preserve our own security and independence. Secondly, that British foreign policy should be precise and unequivocal instead of vague and emotional. Thirdly, that—to quote Mr. Nicolson's dictum—we should neither threaten nor promise in circumstances in which our threats or our promises cannot, with complete certainty, be fulfilled.

If Sir Samuel Hoare had learnt this last lesson, he would never have made his famous Geneva speech, and we should have been spared subsequent humiliation at the hands of Mussolini. Mr. Eden's policy is at once more modest and more realistic. I am convinced that the British people are solidly behind him in his refusal to take sides in the Spanish Civil War. And, so long as the majority of European Powers wished to keep the principle of non-intervention alive through the Non-Intervention Committee, he was fully justified in going to extreme lengths in order to do so. But piracy in the Mediterranean, accompanied by the threat of Italian military domination in Spain, is a very different matter. Here one of our most vital commitments is directly affected. The answer to it is the Nyon Agreement. And, if this does not achieve the desired result, it must be followed at no distant date by the opening of the Pyrenean frontier.

"But where does this lead you?" demand the Opposition. "Are you going to lie down in the face of aggression all over the world *unless* the vital interests of the British Empire are directly affected?" The question is a fair one, and requires a straight

answer. The experience of the last few years has proved that the only ultimate sanction is force, but that force will only be applied in the first instance by nations whose vital interests are affected. In order to deal adequately with an aggressor there must therefore be successive grades or phases of action. This is the conception underlying those "regional" pacts of which Mr. Eden has been such a strong supporter. Ultimately we may hope to see a series of such pacts covering eastern as well as western Europe, the Balkans, and the Mediterranean. Meanwhile it is no good trying to bluff the Germans (as we tried unsuccessfully to bluff the Italians) that if they invade Czechoslovakia next year we shall immediately declare war on them. We shall not. It is conceivable that Germany might advance right down the Danube to the Black Sea without being involved in a major war. But what would her position be then?

She is relatively weaker to-day than she was in 1914. From a military point of view she would have saddled herself with immensely long—and immensely vulnerable—lines of communication. She would be confronted by a hostile Poland and probably a hostile Yugo-Slavia on the flanks, a hostile Russia in the east, a hostile France and a hostile Britain in the west. Economically she would be completely isolated, and her ports would be closed. In this highly dangerous position she would be faced with the probability of having to fight a war on three fronts against three Great Powers. No General Staff could contemplate such a prospect with equanimity; and so long as there is any chance of obtaining concessions by direct negotiation, the Nazi leaders are likely to hesitate before embarking on so perilous a course.

There is indeed only one way out in the long run; and Mr. Eden is taking it. When we have made ourselves strong enough to talk to the Fascist and Nazi leaders in the only language they can understand, we may be able to come to terms with them which should satisfy their reasonable political aspirations.

What are these aspirations? They have never been plainly stated. Do they include further conquest and annexation of foreign countries, or are "zones of influence" the ultimate objective? The issue of peace or war may well depend on the answer to this question.

One thing at any rate is certain. Neither Germany nor Italy will have anything to do with Geneva so long as the League of Nations retains its present form. Nor will the United States. Nor will Japan. For all practical purposes the League as it is at present constituted is therefore useless. It has failed disastrously on every occasion when it has been seriously tested :—

- (1) because it has no real power, and cannot apply effective sanctions ;
- (2) because, despite this fact, it contains in the articles of its Covenant an element of compulsion ;
- (3) because unanimity is the necessary prelude to action, and can seldom if ever be obtained ;
- (4) because its main objective, for seventeen years, has been to preserve the *status quo* established at Versailles ;
- (5) because it is based on the delusion that all Sovereign States are free, equal, and peaceable.

If we concede the demands of the Labour Party and turn the League definitely and finally into a Grand Alliance of the Left, pledged to fulfil obligations which no longer have validity, world war is an absolute certainty. It will be fought by the dissatisfied Powers against the satisfied Powers, and between contending political ideologies with neither of which we in this country are in sympathy. This way lies the inevitable doom of our civilization.

Ultimate salvation lies, I believe, in a central authority controlling an international Air Force, of which Lord Davies has been so consistent and so courageous a champion. But the time for that is not yet. We have first of all to build a new League on sounder foundations. A League freed once and for all from the taint of Versailles, and based in the first phase upon economic functions rather than individual Sovereign States. A League which will no longer need to think solely in terms of political rights and sanctions, but which will concern itself with such vital economic international questions as currency, purchasing power, the production and distribution of basic raw materials, health, transport, nutrition, and so forth. Mr. Bruce, of Australia, has already pointed the way.

MISTRESS OF THE YELLOW SEAS

BY WILLARD PRICE

THE world's waters seem to have been divided for the convenience of the world's three great navies. The American navy is supreme in the American Seas, having both coasts of North and South America. The British navy dominates the European Seas, and the sea-line to Australia. And Japan has now come to be acknowledged as "mistress of the Yellow Seas."

So long as the American Seas, European Seas and Yellow Seas remain mutually exclusive, the three navies need not be of immoderate size. But should one Power undertake to invade the waters of another, its sea-arm would need to be several times as strong as at present.

In the frank words of Mr. Winston Churchill :—

"If any one of these fleets traversed the thousands of miles of ocean spaces to attack one of the others, it would suffer an automatic diminution in naval power which would, at least, reduce it to a third of its actual strength.

"Here is the explanation of the newly revived dominance of Japan in the Far East. Neither the British nor the American navy is strong enough to attack Japan. Even if today they were united it would take three or four years of immense effort and expenditure by the whole of the English-speaking peoples to bring predominating naval power into the Yellow Seas."

This measure of security may satisfy some Japanese, but not the officers of the navy. To them must be accredited the expiration in 1936 of the Washington and London Naval Treaties and the end of the ratio system by which the Japanese navy was limited to a proportion of three as against five each for the navies of Britain and the United States.

The Navy Ministry has now issued a pamphlet in which "the advent of a non-treaty era" is hailed as "a remarkable advance of the Japanese State." And while the pamphlet indicts other nations for entering upon a naval race, it succeeds in imparting the glamour of a holy crusade to such a race on the part of Japan:

"A naval construction race during the non-treaty era may, from one point of view, be regarded as a stage in the process of the rapid expansion of our national strength. We therefore must be firmly resolved to overcome any sort of difficulties that may arise ahead of us so that the glorious position in which our Empire now finds itself may increase in glory."

Out of the *débris* of the Washington and London treaties, a rather frail Anglo-French-American treaty was constructed in 1936 after the Japanese delegates had gone home. By this new London Treaty the calibre of battleship guns was to be limited to 14 inches, provided that Japan would also agree to such a limit. The three Powers sat back, confident that they had called Japan's bluff. Surely Japan would not face universal condemnation by shattering a generally useful treaty, useful also to Japan because it placed a curb upon her rivals. She would not allow herself to be used as the electric button to touch off a new naval race.

Japan accepted the challenge. In a formal note to Great Britain in March, 1937, she rejected the 14-inch limitation. Thus she nullified the new London Treaty (except the provision that the three Powers should exchange information concerning their naval programmes.)

Japan does not lack the courage of conviction. She is willing to be lone warrior for what she considers right. Having determined that the wisest world policy was one of naval parity among nations, freedom to build any type of armament, and a general upper limit upon the amount of armament, she rejected the new treaty because it restricted types but not volume. It was qualitative, not quantitative. Japan justified her position on the basis of her desire for general world disarmament. She had decided for all how such disarmament could best be effected. And if world pacts would not bend to her point of view, they must break.

There is something admirable about such obduracy. Japan has at many times in her history evinced a godlike rightness that nothing could shake. Among the nations, she is not a politician among politicians. She is a leader and an evangel. She could no more be wrong than John Calvin or Billy Sunday. It is for others to hit the sawdust trail—she shows the way.

To be sure, a practical and immediate reason for Japan's dislike of a 14-inch limit is the rumour that her close neighbour,

Russia, is experimenting with 18-inch guns. Since Russia is bound by no agreement it would be perilous for Japan to be bound. Also, Japan may be seeking some advantage over the United States; for larger guns imply the probable use of ships of more than 35,000 tons to carry them, and such ships could hardly pass through the Panama Canal. Rear-Admiral Phelps suggests that this problem might be solved by building mammoths wider than at present, but longer. But Japan's stand is chiefly a matter of principle. She has drawn the issue and means to stick to it—quantitative limitation or nothing.

In the meantime it will be nothing—for other Powers can be stubborn too. And the result of mutual stubbornness will be—already—a more intensive naval race than that which preceded the Great War.

In this race, Japan is at a serious disadvantage—for she is attempting to do out of her weakness what Great Britain and the United States can easily do out of their strength. Japan confronts the most difficult stage of finance and politics in her history. Her people are still calm in the face of a situation that would cause panic and revolution in other lands. While more than half of the nation's entire budget goes into arms, conscription agencies and health bureaux report that the physical condition of the people is growing steadily worse for lack of sufficient nourishment.

How can the people of a poor nation be so marshalled and stimulated that they are ready to match the fleets of the richest nations on earth? Only through intense loyalty to their Emperor. But does the Emperor call his people to arms? Never. The Emperor says nothing. Yet a silent Emperor is the greatest moving force in Japan. This is because so much can be done in his name. The navy takes its plans in to the Emperor and comes out with the Emperor's seal. The people obey. Only the army and navy can thus command the obedience of the people. All other governmental agencies owe obedience to the people; that is, they must win the consent of the Diet to their projects. Only the army and navy stand clear of the Diet and "near the Throne." Thus they partake of the supreme authority and their word is not only law, but law willingly obeyed because of its sacred source.

Therefore it has been possible for Japanese naval expenditure during the years of comparative peace from 1932 up to the China outbreak of 1937 to increase 223 per cent., while Great Britain's increased 168 per cent. and that of the United States, 151 per cent. During 1931, the war year in Manchuria, Japan spent about 30 per cent. of her total budget on army and navy ; but later, with no war, about 49 per cent. But, the military authorities kept saying, a war might break at any moment which would make the Manchurian incident sink into insignificance. Japan must be prepared for greater things than the disciplining of Manchuria. They proved to be good prophets ; China's slowly fomenting boil burst in July of this year.

A huge war budget is adopted. Simultaneously, a call is issued for the "spiritual mobilization" of the people, so that they may rise to the heights of supreme sacrifice. Truly, when financial and physical resources face exhaustion, there is nothing to do but to fall back upon the spiritual ; and, there, Japan has a great reservoir of strength.

More impressive than Japan's military expenditure is what she does with it. Every penny goes much farther than in the West. Japan is still below Britain and America in actual expenditure ; the naval estimates of the three Powers for 1937-38 being roughly in the proportion of 3.6.8. But costs are so low in Japan that a shilling will do several times as much as in Britain or America. A private soldier may be had for about six shillings a month. A sailor's wage is less. Similar savings are made on the man-power used in building ships and manufacturing munitions. Supplies of all sorts cost less—often only a third or a fourth of what they cost in Western lands.

Moreover, Japanese warships are claimed to be ten to twenty per cent. more efficient than Western vessels, because a larger proportion of the space is given to actual fighting equipment and a smaller to the crew. Japanese battleships are not built to "see the world" in. The sailor's life is no junket. He expects no more luxury aboard than he gets at home.

The vessels have many clever and original features. They are soundly constructed, and models of compactness. According to the impartial *Jane's Fighting Ships*, Japanese cruisers afford "ample evidence of the initiative and ability to cram over two

pints into a quart pot." Also, Nippon's ships are newer than their rivals—for Japan has been building during recent years while Britain and America have not troubled to construct the number of ships to which they were entitled by treaty. And auxiliary craft, not limited by treaty, have been constructed in much greater volume in Japan. Still another fact of importance is that Japan has been outstripping all other nations in rate of increase of the mercantile marine and now has a fleet of brand-new cargo ships, capable of 18 knots or better in contrast with the less than 15 knots of the average American freighter, and all made convertible for war use. The general result of all these factors is that Japan's naval strength is not actually 3 in proportion to a British or American 5. On the contrary, Japan's seapower is nearly, if not quite, as strong today as Great Britain's or America's.

The Japanese navy is not only equal but vastly superior to any opponent fleet if the fighting is to be done in Japanese waters. And there is no talk of doing the fighting anywhere else. Japan has no argument in Europe, nor in America. All the bones of contention . . . Manchuria, China, the Indies, the Philippines . . . are in the Western Pacific. That is the arena which the Powers must enter if they wish to contest with Japan. And in that arena Japan, like Antaeus invincible while in contact with the earth, is formidable because she is at home.

There the Japanese fleet occupies what Hector Bywater has called "a defensive position comparable in strength to the Hindenburg Line." Japan proper is a fortress that has never been successfully invaded during the more than two milleniums since the nation was founded. Japan's new possessions lie close, like a brood of chickens under the wings of the mother hen . . . while Britain's chickens, full-grown perhaps but always relying upon maternal shelter in case of trouble, are scattered the world over.

A good base for a battleship is fully as important as the ship itself. Japan would fight within easy reach of her own bases. The bases fringing the main islands are supplemented by bases in the Bonins, the Loochoos and Formosa. More vital than formal bases are the informal ones—the hundreds upon hundreds of lagoons and harbours of the South Seas available to Japanese

warships. Indeed the Japanese Empire is itself a fleet . . . more than three thousand islands strewing the sea from the ice-fields to the equator like anchored ships, every one of them of strategic and fighting value. Japan's island character makes her in a peculiar sense a naval power.

Now, imagine this nest of islands in time of war. Japanese capital ships would command the main arteries. Less spectacular than the capital ships but more deadly would be the submarines. They alone could make the Western Pacific untenable for an enemy fleet. We have not forgotten the German demonstration of the power of the submarine. Summarizing the record of submarines in the World War, the Submarine Defence Association reported in 1920 :

"The war was won on land. At sea, the submarine had proved itself potentially supreme . . . In four and one-half years of intensive effort, with at least 600 destroyers besides other naval units, and 6,000 patrol and searching vessels, only 205 submarines were sunk or captured. In the Irish Sea alone 2,500 vessels were on patrol, yet they could not guarantee safety . . . If Germany had had 1,000 U-boats in August 1914 nothing could have saved Britain and the Allies. . . . No great army can be carried across the ocean against a fleet of submarines. Particularly if the submarines lurk in the shelter of friendly islands where they can be sure of fuel, supplies and repairs at any time. Japanese submarines operating in home waters could do infinitely better than German submarines in hostile areas, often a thousand or even three thousand miles away from support.

Defence of the Japanese labyrinth would not be left to the submarine, even though that alone might be sufficient to make invasion impossible. Another naval arm, which is strongest when short, is the air arm. Bombing 'planes do best when near home. From the Arctic to the tropics, Japanese 'planes would always be within a few hours' flight of an aerodrome. Even in Micronesia, in addition to the lagoons which afford ready-made haven for flying boats, air fields have been laid out on the principal islands. These are at present for commercial use—but they would be equally useful in time of war. Certainly an enemy might bring scores of 'planes on aircraft carriers, but such 'planes are necessarily of a light type and far inferior to the heavy land-based bomber. Moreover, a carrier worth a fortune may be put out of commission by one accurately dropped bomb. Equivalent damage cannot be inflicted upon a landing-field. Aircraft far from base may be written off as of modest value except for scouting purposes. But, at home,

one bomber costing £20,000 may be a match for a battleship costing £6,000,000. And since three hundred such machines may be put in the air for the price of one capital ship, it appears that a warship intruding into the Japanese archipelagoes would have the odds heavily against it. The aeroplane has revolutionized warfare. It is the strongest defensive weapon man has devised. How true this is may be seen in the recent Anglo-Italian difference of opinion concerning Abyssinia. The British fleet steamed into the Mediterranean. It could have saved Abyssinia by barring Italy from the Suez Canal. But the question was how would Italy retaliate? There was no fear of the weak Italian navy—there was great apprehension concerning the Italian air force which, though also weak, was close at hand, in the aerodromes of Sicily.

Japan considers her position still further strengthened by the expiration of the non-fortification agreement. In Article 19 of the Washington Treaty of 1922, the United States, Great Britain and Japan agreed not to build new fortifications or naval bases in certain areas: American Samoa, the Philippines, Guam, Wake, and the Aleutians; Britain's Pacific islands and Hongkong; Japan's Kurile Islands, the Bonins, Amami-Oshima, the Loochoos, Formosa and the Pescadores. This Article was particularly acceptable to Britain. She proposed in 1936 that it be retained after the expiration of the main treaty at the end of that year. But both America and Japan were cool to the idea. America considered that she had sacrificed much in giving up the fortification of her western islands. She had renounced power in the Western Pacific as a trade for Japan's agreement to the 3.5 ratio. But if Japan asked freedom to build beyond that ratio, America should also be released from her side of the bargain. Japan felt that the non-fortification agreement, while it had mildly curbed America and Britain, had throttled her. While the other Powers had been restrained from fortifying points fringing Japanese waters, Japan had been forbidden fortifications within Japanese waters. America was still permitted to fortify Hawaii, 2,400 miles from the American mainland, and Britain to complete the great Singapore naval base on the other side of the world from Downing Street . . . but Japan might not safeguard points that lay well

within home seas, none of them more than 800 miles from the Japanese main islands. This seemed an echo from the old days of unequal treaties—and Japan, coming of age, decided to have done with it.

The possible consequences are obvious. Britain and America may now build a ring of forts round the Japanese archipelagoes—and, in the case of Guam, even among Japanese islands. But Japan does not consider this danger so great as the danger of leaving her own possessions unfortified. In short, a fortified Japanese island is a greater protection than a fortified foreign island is a threat . . . if both lie close to Japan. If, for example, fortifications are built upon American Guam and Japanese Saipan which lie side by side far away from America but within the Emperor's seas, constantly patrolled by the Japanese fleet and close to numerous Japanese bases, it is plain that the odds are overwhelmingly in favour of Saipan. Therefore liberty to fortify is a much greater advantage to Japan than to Britain or America.

* * *

Outposts are rendered harmless in proportion to their distance from headquarters. The nation is strongest that does its fighting at home. The Russian fleet, weakened by a long trip round the world, was wiped out in one battle. The Japanese fleet, if it should enter the trap consisting of the jaw-shaped American coast and the Hawaiian steel spring, would never come out alive. By the same token, the American fleet or the British, or both, would have short shift within the territorial waters of Japan.

It is true, as many contend, that Japan is weak in the natural resources necessary to carry on a war many years long. But in this respect she is certainly in a stronger position than Germany at the beginning of the four-year World War. As for food, the general opinion that Japan could be starved into submission by a blockade is not borne out by statistics. Her food production is increasing more rapidly than her population—she even exports more food than she imports. True, this is under the compulsion of poverty. She exports the food that her citizens ought to eat in order to be properly nourished. But at least it is clear indication that Japan can herself supply enough to keep

body and soul together, so long as soul dominates body as it does in samurai Nippon.

Nor is it true, as too complacently supposed, that Japan, although she has the fighting equipment, is still a tyro in the arts of war and no match for the military knowledge and experience of the West. The probability is that natural capacity for war and organization is embedded more deeply in Japanese character than in Western. More than three centuries ago Japanese armies four times as large as England's were common. In 1592 a lieutenant of Hideyoshi led an army of 205,000 men in Korea ; whereas, according to Murdoch's History of Japan, 'Europe had never seen more than 60,000 men in the field together under one flag in that century.' Four hundred years before that, when the American nation was not yet even a gleam in God's eye, and English fighting was free adventure rather than organized system, Yoritomo built his magnificent war machine of 240,000 men. Such "national aptitude for warlike enterprises," as Murdoch calls it, was dormant during the two centuries of Japan's hibernation, but has now been revived in full force.

In short, the Yellow Seas are closed as firmly as the American Seas or the European. Japan might be whipped by Great Britain and America combined, but only at enormous expenditure, and with dubious final advantage. For Japan would not stay whipped (*vide* Germany). Things would soon be just as before. War cannot alter geography ; and Japan's proximity to China, together with racial and cultural affinity and economic inter-dependence, make it inevitable that the two peoples will have much to do with one another in the future. But Japan will also have much to do with Great Britain and America, and depends upon their economic co-operation. Therefore it is possible that calm diplomacy, gloving the firm hand of trade and resources, may prove a more effective and less costly instrument of national policy than war in dealing with Japan.

“NURSE MALTA.”

BY MICHAEL LANGLEY.

DURING the Crimean War the traditional services of the Knights of St. John were re-established at Valletta, and treatment given to wounded soldiers brought down from the Black Sea earned the island the name of “Nurse Malta.” To-day the island ministers to the common weal in the sense that it “nurses” British and international interests located in and approached by way of this troubled region. Originally occupied by Nelson’s Fleet as a base for operations designed to ensure the independence of Sicily and to protect Italian shores from the French, Malta, is associated in this latest phase of her history with quite another purpose. For the French and British are co-operating closely, and with success, in the Nyons resolve to enforce “collective measures against piratical acts,” and there can be little that our near neighbours do not know now about Great Britain’s resources in the Mediterranean.

The highly strategic position of this British dependency makes of it a nerve-centre which sets up responses not in France alone, but in all countries in the Mediterranean area. Germany’s cruising liner, the *General von Steuben*, looks on the Malta call as a high spot in her frequent Mediterranean rounds. In Italy, whose national bard, d’Annunzio, has described Malta as “no longer an island but an infection to be cured”, the cure is perhaps only withheld because it might lead to ills far worse than the “infection” itself. Yugoslavia is content to seek here a small but reliable market for her meat, timber and cement, and every summer to send down from the Adriatic the naval training ship “*Jadram*” whose youthful crew combine a pleasant outing with an instructional trip. The Turks have long forgotten that it was at this entrance to the narrows between Cape Bon and Sicily that early Ottoman savagery suffered one of its most serious blows during the unsuccessful siege of Malta in 1565.

Four destroyers and four submarines, led by the Turkish flagship "*Yavuz*," were given an official reception in the Grand Harbour this time last year, and the Admiralty's invitation has this November been extended to the Greeks, whose naval units are not nearly so well acquainted with Malta as are the ubiquitous merchant and cargo boats of Salonika and the Piræus. Egypt, Palestine and Cyprus all recognize Malta as the oldest Mediterranean branch office of a world Power with which their political institutions and economic life are closely linked.

But Malta is primarily a fortress, thickly populated (2,400 to the square mile) by a people attached to Britain by treaty obligations contracted at Paris in 1814 and ever since loyally maintained. The pinch is felt most, ironically enough, in times of peace. Trouble in the Mediterranean, starting with the Italian onslaught on Abyssinia two years ago, may, from a Maltese viewpoint, have had unfortunate repercussions, for instance the total evacuation of the Fleet from Valletta and its concentration at Alexandria in November, 1935. But it is in fact at times when Britain is on the *qui vive* between Gibraltar and Suez that, at this half-way house, things really begin to hum. The present situation may be summed up as one demanding the fullest precautionary measures to prevent further spread of anarchy along trade routes which it is Malta's function to serve and protect.

It is probably with this in mind rather than in the spirit of Admiral Sir John Fisher, who in 1904 urged before King Edward that unless naval reorganization was "ruthless and remorseless we might as well pack up and hand over to Germany," that Mr. Duff Cooper has followed the example of his predecessor, Sir Samuel Hoare, and included an inspection of the base at Malta in his Mediterranean tour this autumn. How different is the position since the Duke of Connaught, Commander-in-Chief in the Mediterranean in 1907, found his post something of a sinecure "which did not give scope to a man of his status and experience" may best be appreciated by Admiral Sir Dudley A. Pound. As C-in-C, he has been responsible for putting to effect the will of international committees who have approved the political wisdom of patrolling Spanish waters and evacuating refugees. During the summer unexpected calls to Haifa and

the Palestine coast had to be met. Target practice and co-operation in manœuvres with the Fleet Air Arm have, under emergency conditions, often been difficult to fit in. Nor was it ever considered desirable that the September cruise of units based on Malta should be upset, though developments at Nyon necessitated a change of plans, and Sir Dudley Pound himself had to hurry West to Oran (Algeria) to confer with the French Command.

Shore headquarters for formulating these arrangements are the C-in-C's residence near to a sixteenth-century *auberge* built by the French Knights. Also the more official Castile, a magnificent palace of a fairly sober type of baroque finished by Grand Master Pinto in about 1740. The Castile may be described as Britain's War Office in the Mediterranean. It is a centre for the co-ordination of naval, military and air force information. Its roof oscillates with semaphores and signals, unintelligible to the lay eye, but good sense to cruisers, destroyers motor torpedo-boats and submarines in the harbour. In its offices, built around an inner courtyard, the navy and air force co-operate as if there had never been any dispute between them over the control of the Fleet Air Arm.

The need for this is essential, for in the last few years Malta has become as much an air as a naval base. A new inland aerodrome, where Imperial Airways machines will make three calls a week when the all-mails service starts this winter, is of interest to those concerned with civil aviation. This ground may also serve as an additional landing-place for machines attached to H.M.S. "Glorious," now returning to England for refitment and to be replaced by an aircraft carrier from the Home Fleet. But it is in the immediate neighbourhood—two and a half square miles of more or less sheltered water at Marsaxlokk—that air force activities are centred. This is a base used mainly by the seaplane squadrons, temporarily augmented by Nos. 209 and 210 Squadrons transferred from Felixstowe and Pembroke to work from Malta during a period of service with the anti-submarine patrol. Capable of a 1,000-mile range, these flying boats are obviously preferable to the "Glorious" machines for such work. They are normally used for reconnaissance and trial flights, for instance one made

ast winter round the North and North-East African ports by Air-Commodore Maltby, A.O.C. Malta. Now they have the run of the Marsaxlokk, which occasionally welcomes "County Class" cruisers experimenting with "Queen Bee" machines and is used twice a week by the Italian Roma-Tripoli mail and passenger service.

Lord Strickland, who for more than fifty years has championed Maltese interests, has consistently urged the construction of a breakwater across the mouth of the Marsaxlokk to ensure for air and other craft the safety of waters often whipped by south-easterly squalls. As it is, the strain of mooring and attending to additional ships drafted into the Mediterranean is borne by the extensive facilities in the Grand Harbour and Marsamuscetto. Officers and crews of thirty-five destroyers now on regular duty in the surrounding seas are familiar with the latter anchorage, a long twisting inlet dividing the Valletta peninsula from residential Sliema. Between these two populous districts lies a five-minute service of ferry boats. Further up the creek the comfortable looking "Plumleaf" and "Cherryleaf," stores and equipment transports, unload their cargoes. Near to the Msida Corner submarines tie up close by the dépôt ship "Cyclops" and H.M.S. "Douglas." "Maine," the only hospital ship in the British Navy, moors nearby and is overlooked by a number of pleasant villas clustered in the vicinity of Lord Louis Mountbatten's "Guardamanga" house. Buoys provide a series of "stepping stones" for daytime bathers who swim across the harbour. Searchlights, sweeping the sky, and the boom of bombers distract evening dawdlers on the Sliema front.

The Marsamuscetto, opposite the villa quarter, is only a "garden entrance": Malta's main drive lies to the other side of the Valletta peninsula, where P. and O. boats come in to drop and take on mails and to give passengers just enough time to form a fleeting impression of the superb Grand Harbour. Once inside the breakwater the imposing strength of the walls and bastions is apparent. A two-hundred-foot shaft marks the spot where a lift climbs the rock to the Upper Barracca and the Saluting Battery. Immediately beneath these ceremonial guns is the Customs House jetty where, in the past year, Japanese

and Turkish Admirals, Indian soldiers and members of the Sa'udi Arabian royal family have been welcomed ashore to be taken by a steep circuitous road to the upper town. In naval eyes, though, the most important quarter of the harbour is enclosed by Vittoriosa and Senglea on the opposite side from Valletta. This district was occupied long before Grand Master La Vallette founded the town of his own across the water. "Victorious City", as it was called after the Turks had been driven thence in the siege of 1565, is dominated by an even more formidable stronghold than in the days of the Knights of St. John. It covers a spur of land protected by the Castel St. Angelo which lunges over the harbour and makes the finest possible background for the sort of fireworks display given there on Coronation night. But St. Angelo is maintained for more serious purposes than fireworks. Her outworks bristle with anti-aircraft guns; her magazines contain vast stocks of ammunitions; deep in the bowels of this fortress wireless apparatus is installed lest anything should happen to the Bighi Station nearby. St. Angelo may be said to have evolved out of Acropolis by Alcazar, for at the summit are the remains of an ancient temple to Juno, inside the fort discipline is preserved as on a ship. Believe it or not, as the Sunday paper says, this is a "warship" that has never been to sea, though her officers come and go between their wardroom and the submarines in which many serve. Fast motor-launches wait to take them out to the "Barham" or the "Hood," or round to the neighbouring dockyard creeks where over 9,000 men, mostly Maltese, are employed in the repairs, refitment and engineering shops. Along this waterfront the daily life of twenty thousand men is based on the traditions of 140 years of British naval experience in the Mediterranean. One is reminded of that outside the Admiral Superintendent's headquarters, a strangely old-fashioned place reminiscent of wooden five-deckers and ornamental figure-heads.

From a mirror reflecting the shifting balance of armed power on the Continent the island has become a centre for "field operations" in pursuance of the Franco-British plan for policing and patrolling the Mediterranean. And its significance is increased in direct ratio with the determination of Power

adhering to the League Covenant to restore peace in the Mediterranean. What of its future? One school of thought holds that the island is untenable in the event of a major assault directed against Great Britain. But an outbreak of that kind could only come from a progressive weakening of the British position in the Mediterranean. The contribution which Great Britain can make to world peace and to the raising of civilized standards can never lie in any policy of retreat. That would inevitably be followed by disintegration and anarchy. The interests of the Commonwealth are international and can only be allied to a determined and enlightened policy based on collective development. Progress in that direction is at present in a hesitant state; it has suffered set-backs with the emergence of economic nationalism and of doctrines more properly associated with tribal deism. The moral and social ills which result from these tumours make it imperative to superimpose a cure, or at least to provide against any spread of the rot. And since Malta, small as it is, is a nerve-centre in the Mediterranean, it would make a highly suitable base for the establishment in this region of the one sort of international control which would seem to be feasible in the present state of affairs.

In the view of the writer the Franco-British plan, which involves a higher degree of co-operation than, fortunately, has been necessary between the Fleets or any two great Powers for nearly twenty years, contains the germ of a wider scheme for the preservation of peace. Malta is a focus-point which, if internationalized and opened to representative units of the naval forces of any and all Mediterranean States, would provide an ideal centre from which to maintain collective security in the Mediterranean. Anxiety over the future of the island and as to its excessive vulnerability could be set at rest by commitments which would give these several countries a share in Malta's facilities. For merchant shipping coming from Java or from Panama the island is a natural and convenient port of call half-way between Gibraltar and Suez. To naval units confined to this sea its value cannot be over-estimated. From such a centre, administered internally under British mandate pending a return to the Maltese of representative institutions, the warships of interested countries could, if and when the need

arose, police the Mediterranean. The safety of shipping would be ensured and, most important, the security of the narrow central channel of the Mediterranean maintained. Acting as a check on future developments which might tend to upset the existing *status quo* in a region, which, more than any other in the world, falls within the framework of the League Covenant, such a step would constitute a practical experiment similar in effect to the much-discussed proposal to establish an international police force. Under a new international naval dispensation the base would be held against no one, but would afford a very real safeguard against further degeneration of the situation in the Middle Sea. Nor would the position, then, be very different in principle from that which obtained under the Christian Knights of St. John, when Spanish, French, Italian, German and English members of the Order held Malta from 1530 to 1798.

Three centuries ago there existed grave and deep-rooted biological and religious causes of strife, which nevertheless, have, been removed. To-day, though termed "ideological," the antagonisms are plainly conflicts of power only to be resolved by their being vested in an international authority. The part played by Malta to this end is an important one and capable of very considerable extension.

THE TESTAMENT.

BY ANDRÉ MAUROIS.

THE Château de Chardeuil having been bought by a big industrialist compelled by ill-health and old age to seek out a rural retreat, the Périgord folk were soon talking of nothing else but the magnificence and taste with which the property, abandoned for a century by the Chardeuil family, had now been restored. The gardens especially, so it was said, were a wonderful sight. An architect and landscape artist had been brought down from Paris and had constructed a barrage in the valley of the Loue so as to make an artificial lake, thus transforming Chardeuil into a second Versailles.

Lovely gardens are a rarity in that rustic and barren province where the majority of the country gentlemen follow the example of the Saviniac family who have turned their park into a vegetable garden. The flower-beds and lawns of Chardeuil aroused intense curiosity all the way along as far as Brive, Périgueux and nearly as far as Bordeaux. Nevertheless, when, after the work had been going on for a year, the new owners came to take up their abode, they had less visitors than might have been expected. Newcomers have to be known before the Périgord people are prepared to welcome them, and nobody knew who this Madame Bernin was.

She seemed to be not more than thirty-five, whereas her husband was at least sixty-five. She was quite good looking, and even in this isolated spot she used to change her dress three times a day. That didn't seem natural, and at first the Châteaux people thought that she was not Bernin's wife but his mistress. When Madame de la Guichardie, the social queen of the district—who, though she had lived in the provinces since the War, knew Paris like the back of her hand—declared that Madame Bernin was quite genuinely Madame Bernin and that she came from modest but respectable bourgeois family, local Society accepted

this story, for no one on a matter like that would have ever dared to contradict a woman possessed of power as well as excellent information. All the same quite a number of families continued to cherish heretical opinions and to think that, if Madame Bernin was her proper name, at any rate she was a mistress taken into belated wedlock.

Gaston and Valentine Romilly, the nearest neighbours of the Bernins—since from the Preyssac Hill you can see the towers of Chardeuil—made up their minds that they were less than any one entitled to be prudish and, as the Bernins had left cards at Preyssac and also Madame de la Guichardie had, so to speak, licensed them to be polite, they had decided to return the visit.

They were received all the better for being among the first to be won over. Not only did the new hosts of Chardeuil make them stay until tea-time, but they offered to show the Romillys all over the estate, house, gardens, offices and outhouses. Gaston and Valentine Romilly had an idea that the Bernins were beginning to feel the strain of possessing so much perfection without being able to communicate it to others. They quite liked their hosts, anyway. Bernin himself preserved from his factory king days a rather authoritarian manner and he had a habit of stating his opinions very trenchantly on subjects he knew very little about, but he seemed a decent fellow. Valentine was touched by the tenderness he shewed to his wife, a fair-haired, plump, kindly and cheerful little woman. She was rather shocked, however, while they were visiting the apartments on the first floor and she was expressing admiration for the surprising transformation of the house in such a short time—the bathrooms built into the recesses of the old walls and lifts put in to the towers—to hear Madame Bernin reply :

“ Yes, Adolphe was determined that everything should be just right. For the time being, of course, Chardeuil is only a country place for us, but Adolphe knows that it is here that I propose to live after he dies—I am thinking of a time as far in the future as possible, of course—and he wants me to be as comfortable as in a town house. . . . You know, probably, that he has several children by his first marriage ? . . . So he has taken precautions ; Chardeuil has been bought in my name and belongs to me entirely.”

In a field near the house the buildings belonging to an old farm had been transformed into stables. Gaston was very much impressed by the fine appearance of the horses, the spotless condition of the harness and the immaculate grooms.

"Horses are my chief joy," said Madame Bernin with enthusiasm. "Papa, who served in the cuirassiers, used to place his children in the saddle as soon as they were out of the cradle."

She stroked the glossy back of one of the horses, then sighed :

"Of course I realize it will cost a lot of money to keep up this stable . . . but Adolphe has thought of that. In the testament is provided that a special foundation will be concerned, within Hardeuil Park, with improving the breed. . . . And it will be in addition to the share in the estate to which I shall be entitled, won't it, Adolphe ? "

The gardens were not yet completed but one could guess ready the general design of the beds. Handsome statues marked the various points towards which the architect intended that people should direct their gaze. In the middle of a long rectangular basin on an artificial island in reinforced concrete, workmen were engaged in erecting romantic columns. The visitors went down a long avenue of chestnut trees. It led out to a group of cottages built in the style of the farms of the district and covered with old tiles.

"I never knew there was a village here," said Valentine.

"This isn't a village," said Madame Bernin laughing, "those are just the outhouses. Adolphe had the idea of building them like that, all separate dwellings . . . and you'll see how ingenious it is, from my point of view for the future : we have a number of devoted servants, men and their wives, whom I am very keen to keep, even when I am here on my own. . . . Well, you see, Adolphe will bequeath to each of them the house he is now occupying with a clause in the Will, cancelling the legacy if he should leave my service. So you see in this way, they are not only tied to me but they are also partially paid without my having to expend a sou. . . . It is a first-rate guarantee for me . . . and it is in addition to my statutory share."

"But is it legal ? " asked Gaston Romilly.

"Ah ! Monsieur, you don't know Adolphe. He has spent hours with his business adviser working out an appropriate

form of words. You can't imagine what a considerate person he is, for all his woolly bear appearance. . . . Isn't that right, Adolphe ? ”

She linked her arm with the old man's while he grunted, as he gave her a tender look.

The walk round was a long process, for the visitors were spared neither the farm nor the model dairy, nor the chicken run with rare species, and hundreds of dazzling white poultry clucking for dear life. When the Romillys, eventually, were in their car again alone, Valentine broke the silence :

“ Well,” she asked, “ What do you say about these people ? ”

“ I like Bernin,” said Gaston, “ he's a bit surly and too pleased with himself, but a decent fellow. She is queer . . . ”

“ Queer,” said Valentine, “ I find her dreadful ! ” “ Talking all the time about the testament, with her ‘ When I'm here on my own ’ and ‘ as far in the future as possible.’ It's really painful to hear conversation like that in front of a poor unfortunate man about what is going to happen when he dies.”

They remained silent for quite a long time while the car sped along the misty meadows and past the poplars of the valley. Gaston, who was driving, was watching carefully the road as it filled up with children coming out of school. At length he started speaking :

“ All the same . . . it's reasonable enough, all these precautions he has taken so that his wife should have nothing to worry about after his death. Listening to him I began to think of ourselves . . . I have been wrong not to have made a will. I'm going to see about it.”

“ What an idea, darling ! . . . It's a horrid thought. Any-way I'm the one who is going to die first.”

“ Why ? You don't know. You're younger than I am. You don't suffer from any complaint . . . whereas I . . . ”

“ Shut up ! ” “ You always imagine you're ill. You're as fit as a fiddle, and anyway if you were to die I shouldn't want to survive you. . . . What would my life be without you ? I should kill myself ! ”

“ How can you say such silly things, Valentine. It's absurd. You know very well there's no such thing as dying of grief, however acute the distress may be . . . and then I'm not the

only person you have in the world. There's your daughter Colette, her husband and there are your grandchildren."

"Colette has made her own life. . . . She doesn't need us any longer."

"Ah, but that's just it. That's a good reason why I should take precautions for your benefit."

They stopped talking again because the car was going through thicker belt of fog, then Valentine went on :

"It's quite true that if fate was so unkind as to cause me to survive you for a few months, I should be more easy in my mind if I had . . . not a real testament—that would seem too much like an ill-omen to me—no, just a sheet of paper specifying that Preyssac and the land belonging to it are to remain in any case, in my possession until my death. That son-in-law of ours is a very nice person, but he is a Saviniac. He takes after his mother. . . . He is very fond of the land. . . . He will be quite capable of hoping to round off those that he already has at my expense, meanwhile sending me to live in a little cottage somewhere . . . that would be a great grief to me."

"No, there must be no possibility of that," said Gaston rather gloomily, "I'm quite ready to sign any papers you like and even to leave you Preyssac in my will. . . . Only is it legal ? I mean isn't the amount that Preyssac is worth bigger than the amount of your marriage portion ? "

"Yes a little, but that's easily settled," said Valentine. "The lawyer has told me that he will get out the necessary form of words, whenever you like."

"What ? " said Gaston, "You've already put the question to Maître Passaga ? "

"As a matter of fact, I did," said Valentine.

FRENCH FINANCE IN PERSPECTIVE

BY THE HON. GEORGE PEEL

BYRON once wrote from Venice that he was studying the Armenian language. And he gave as his reason for so doing that he found it useful to have something "craggy" upon which to break his mind. It may be confidently asserted that, if there is anyone animated by the same desire, there is no better subject upon which to exercise his mental powers than the study of the economic policy of France.

There are several reasons. In the first place, the financial accounts of France are today, and always have been, of extreme complexity. During the past sixty years, economist after economist has declared that they are unintelligible. Another reason for the complexity of this subject is that the changes in budgetary policy are of the order of lightning. This may well be understood if we recall that, in the year 1925 alone, there were six successive Ministers of Finance. And each of these Ministers pursued a different policy.

Then, too, if we view the fiscal system of France from the technical standpoint, we must arrive at the conclusion that it differs in practically every item from that of Great Britain. The taxation system, the expenditure system, and the relation of the Bank of France to the State—all these are quite different from the corresponding management in this country.

Beyond all this, there is that rapid change, which has been in progress since the close of the War, in the monies of account. After the close of the War, the money of account was the old franc of *germinal*, that is to say the franc which was instituted by the Emperor Napoleon in 1803 (and called the franc of *germinal* after the month in the Revolutionary calendar, which saw it brought to birth). Then came, in 1928, the Poincaré franc, of which the gold equivalence was about one-fifth of its predecessor. After that, in the year 1936, on October 1, this

Poincaré franc was devalued to a further extent. And, finally, in June, 1937, the Auriol franc, as the franc instituted on October 1, 1936, was known, was displaced, in its turn, by what is called the "floating" franc. This latter franc is also known as the Bonnet franc, a name given it after that of the Minister of Finance in the existing Chautemps Ministry. It is completely divorced from gold. Through successive stages, therefore, it may be said France has passed from its original bimetallic system of currency to a simple forced currency, which has no relation to any metal at all. It is managed, or not managed, by the French Equalization Fund. To cut a long story short, the old Poincaré franc may be said, at the moment, to have been devalued to the extent of 50 per cent.

It is extraordinarily difficult, then, to follow French financial policy and to compare one year with another. And it is equally difficult for French financiers to frame Budgets, or to estimate receipts and expenditure with any sort of accuracy.

Last, but not least important of all, there is the human factor to be taken into account in any estimation of French economic policy. It may be said with some confidence that "the economic man," so dear to the mind of many economists on this side of the Channel, does not exist in France. Further, we may also be sure that those profound mathematical applications of science to the economic system, which have taken the place, in recent times, of the "economic man" with many economists of the highest standing in Great Britain, find a difficult life in France. The whole of French economic policy is constantly convulsed, and its course altered by the human element.

Nevertheless, although all this may be so, it is still of extreme importance, and of increasing importance, that French economic policy *should* be studied and understood by ourselves. For, in the first place, whereas, before the War, the inter-connection and relationship between the two economic systems of France and Great Britain were extremely slight, since the War that connection has visibly tightened.

We have to think of the assistance which has been afforded to France on several occasions since the War by British financiers. The last of these occasions was in 1937, when a considerable

advance was made by British bankers in order to assist France in its railway difficulties, which, it may be mentioned, are an intimate part of French finance. On the other hand, there was the assistance afforded to Great Britain by the Bank of France in connection with the crisis which occurred on this side of the Channel in 1931.

Following the same line of thought, it is well to recall all that intimate relationship which sprang up between the two countries in regard to the question of Reparations to be obtained from Germany, and also in regard to the problems raised by the Inter-Allied Debts. Finally, and most striking instance of all, there is the case of the Tri-partite Monetary Agreement negotiated in September, 1936, between Great Britain, France, and the United States of America. All of which shows how closely we are called upon to study economic events in France.

But besides all this, there is a much graver reason calling out attention to economic events yonder. If we study French history we shall find that, though financial considerations have never played the foremost part in the minds of French statesmen, the course of finance has powerfully dominated French politics on many critical occasions. Was not the French Revolution itself regulated by economic forces? And, in any case, no one can avoid the idea that the stability of the French Republic is a function of the soundness of their economic system. The one hangs with the other. Witness only, in illustration of this truth, the great series of strikes which occurred during the first part of 1936. If all this be so, it follows irresistibly that French economics must be of increasing interest to the British public, who are rapidly beginning to appreciate the fact that, with the course of events in Russia, in Germany, in Spain, and in Italy, France is the only country on the Continent of the first magnitude with whose system of government and with whose outlook upon world affairs generally, we can have much sympathy.

Turning now to the heart of the matter, let us observe a simple and central fact. For some years prices in France, whether wholesale or retail, had been falling—up to about the middle of the year 1935. At the same time, and during the same years there had been an effort, rather intermittently pursued, but pursued with greater energy as time proceeded, to

deflate, or, in plain terms, to reduce wages and prices. Into the reasons for that policy it is not necessary to enter. Suffice it that this method found its fullest expression during the Governments of M. Doumergue and Laval. The result of this was that there was a tendency for industrial wages to contract. But this did not have any very marked economic effect, or any very marked political effect either, for the simple reason that prices were falling at the same time that wages were falling. It therefore followed that, while nobody, of course, liked to be paid less, on the other hand, they were getting goods and services as before, even though the money actually received was less. I speak in general terms here, without entering into statistics, and speak only broadly for the sake of simplifying the matter.

From the middle of 1935, however, the retail prices began to soar, and between the spring of 1936 and the early summer of this year the cost of living increased by some thirty per cent. That phenomenon of *la vie chère* had a great effect upon the industrial classes of France. And very naturally. For they found that the nominal amount of their wages was falling, and that each franc of those diminished wages was now buying less, owing to the rise on prices which was now taking place. There was a great disturbance. There were profound movements of public opinion. The political effect of all this was, we know, the *Front Populaire*—a coalition of groups, unique in the history of France. Under the pressure of this economic evolution, and under the pressure, too, of the corresponding rise of Fascism, these three parties swore a solemn oath of reconciliation. At the same time, they put forward a most extensive programme of economic policy and financial reconstruction.

No one thought at the time that M. Léon Blum would be able to put his programme into execution, for, after all, though the Socialists were a very large party, they were, of course, in a considerable minority in the Chamber as a whole. Nevertheless, much to the surprise of the general public, M. Blum managed to enact a considerable part of his economic programme during the remainder of the year 1936.

If we study this economic programme we shall be struck by

the fact that it was not a Socialist programme, although the Prime Minister himself was of that persuasion. Nor was it a Communist programme. If Socialism means the complete control of industry, or at any rate the profits of industry, by the State, then it was not a Socialist programme. Or if Communism means the economic equality of all men within the State, then the programme was not Communistic either. Nor was the programme a Radical-Socialist programme, which, to judge from the history of that party, does not seem to imply any economic programme of definite quality.

The economic hypothesis of the *Front Populaire* programme is a simple one, and has had the support of many distinguished economists. The hypothesis is that the purchasing power of the people should be increased : *l'extension du pouvoir d'achat*. In defence of this economic plan, it was argued that, if more purchasing power were provided for the people, then they would be able to buy more goods. In this way industry would be revived, and the whole of the economic situation of France, which was not very reassuring, would be rectified.

In accordance with this conception of things, the new Government, on its entry into power in June, 1936, made the most strenuous efforts, both by legislation and by negotiation with the industrial authorities in France, to increase the purchasing power of the workers. And, strange to say, the Government succeeded to a very considerable extent. Let me quote here a few words, written in October, 1937, which put on record what happened.

" We do not yet possess precise statistics as to the movement in wages. Since May, 1936, the average rise appears to vary, according to which industries we select, from between 30 per cent. up to 50 per cent. We can, perhaps, estimate the general rise in the wages of the industrial workers at about 40 per cent. As regards agricultural workers and employees, the rise is probably less marked." (*Le Temps*, 6 Oct., 1937.)

It will be seen from this that the Blum Government attained a considerable success in achieving its primary purpose.

By a most unfortunate circumstance, however, these excellent intentions and this striking achievement tended to be negatived by the aforesaid rise of prices which was in process. As we have seen, this rise of prices had continued for a whole year prior to the accession of the Blum Government to power. The

Blum Government, therefore, was not responsible for it. Unhappily, however, during the period of about one year during which the Blum Government was in power, the rise of prices continued at an accentuated speed. As the authority above quoted also remarks :

"In regard to the cost of living, calculated in its reaction on the budgets of the industrial workers, this has risen by about 30 per cent. Therefore the increase in the purchasing power in the general mass of the industrial population only attains a figure of 10 per cent."

There was also another adverse circumstance which it is of the first importance to mention. France is, of course, only very partially industrialized. The policy above mentioned applied to the industrial workers. But, according to the French economists, these latter only constitute about ten million persons out of a total number of twenty-one million persons in active occupation. The significance of this fact can easily be appreciated. For, if the said rise in receipts only applied to a fraction of the population, it was not very pleasant for the rest of the population that all that happened, as regards their interests, was that there had been a very steep rise in the cost of living. And, even as regards the industrial workers, they could not be too pleased either, for, after the fall of the Blum Government, the cost of living continued to rise and thus to eat up the meagre increase in their wages.

Besides all this, there were the other measures of the highest importance which the Blum Government enacted, *e.g.*, paid holidays for the workers, the 40-hour week, etc. The latter was instituted with the very laudable intention of giving increased leisure and also of enabling industry to absorb into its ranks a considerable number of the unemployed : for instance, it was said that the railways would have to employ no less than sixty thousand extra workers in order to meet the requirements of the new legislation. These remarkable measures have, however, caused a very considerable disarray in the conduct of French industry. If we take the figures of the great coal-mining industry, for example, we shall see that in August, 1936, 3,210,000 tons of coal were produced. In that month there were 20.4 working days. But in August, 1937, when the new system was in operation, the amount of tons produced had fallen to 2,672,000 tons. There were only 15.3 working days.

The result of all this, generally speaking, has been to compromise the productive activity of France. We may measure the accuracy of the above statement in two different ways. Taking the productivity of France in the year 1929 at a basis of 100, as index figure, and comparing it with the figure for industrial production today, there has been a severe drop down to about 73%. And this, in spite of the fact that the general industrial productivity of the world today is actually greater than it was in 1929. From this single fact we may judge very clearly the serious disorganization in French industry. True that much the greater part of that fall happened prior to the advent of the Blum Government to power. But, nevertheless, it certainly cannot be said that the latter Government has fulfilled its declared aim of remedying the troubles of industry.

If we look at the matter from another angle, we shall find a further reflexion of the embarrassed state in which French industry now finds itself. During the current year the surplus of French imports over French exports has been very marked. It is running at the rate of about 16 milliards a year. It is true that about one half of that surplus can be very satisfactorily accounted for. For, of the total of 16 milliards, about 4 milliards may be ascribed to the receipts from tourist traffic. And another 4 milliards may be accounted for by the receipts due to France and received by her in respect of her foreign investments. Therefore, about 8 milliards of the total of 16 milliards can be satisfactorily explained. But the remaining balance of 8 milliards cannot be explained, and must be ascribed, therefore, to the deficiency of French exports, in other words, to the lack of productive energy in France. This constitutes a serious economic situation, since it must weigh very heavily upon the franc exchange, and correspondingly on the prosperity of the French people as a whole.

All this has had a very serious reaction upon the exchange value of the franc. As will be remembered, the franc was devalued in 1928 by M. Poincaré, after it had fallen very heavily in 1926. The Poincaré franc was, in its turn, devalued on October 1, 1936. And now, in June, 1937, the franc has been, not exactly devalued, but allowed to depreciate. The consequence of all this is that early in October of this year the

exchange declined to over 150 francs to the £. After allowing for the depreciation which sterling itself has undergone in terms of gold, this is tantamount to saying that the exchange is very nearly 247 francs to gold £s. The previous high record was 244 francs to the £, or even 250 francs to the £, touched for the moment at the end of June, 1926, when the £ was still at par with gold. Thus, measured in gold, the franc has now touched a new level of depreciation. And this constitutes a most disturbing element in the economic life of France, convulsing prices and upsetting budgets.

All this tendency has certainly not been remedied by the policy of increasing the purchasing power of the people. For not only has the attempt been made to increase the money in the hands of the industrial classes without much success, but also an attempt has been made, also without much success at present, to regulate the policy of the Bank of France. The latter idea has been that the authorities of the Bank of France have been the chief promoters as well as the active agents in the policy of deflation, pursued so actively by the governments from 1932 to 1936, and which, in the opinion of the statesmen of the *Front Populaire*, has had such unfortunate results. It follows from this conception that the Bank of France must be dominated, or at any rate controlled, much more than it has been hitherto, by the Government, in order that cheap money and abundant money may be provided for industry, and, therefore, for the working classes.

The Bank of France, which was originally founded in the year 1800 by Napoleon as First Consul, has existed from then until 1936 under a most remarkable constitution. It is a purely private Bank, owned by about 40,000 shareholders. But, of these, only two hundred of the largest shareholders were allowed to elect the governing body, or Regents, of the Bank. Besides this, the Governor and the two Sub-Governors were appointed by the Government. It was contended by the *Front Populaire*, and it was made a chief slogan at the General election which took place in the spring of 1936, that these two hundred families, as the phrase went, were so interlocked with the families of the Regents that they constituted, in effect, one corporation. And this tacitly corporate body, so it was

argued, entirely dominated the Governor and the two Sub-Governors, and also, by a natural sequence, dominated the monetary policy of the Government itself.

At critical moments, so it was alleged, the Bank of France would refuse the necessary credits to the Government, or, at any rate, would make terms with the Government, much to the disadvantage of the general public. Such is a general summary of the conceptions which underlay the action of the Blum Government in the new legislation which it passed, in the latter half of 1936, dealing with the Bank of France.

The new constitution of the Bank of France was sufficiently singular. It might be thought that the first step to be taken would be to give voting power to all the shareholders of the Bank in order that they might freely elect the Board of Directors. Instead of that, though all shareholders are now to have the vote, they are only allowed to elect two members of the new Board. The remaining members of the Board are elected, or rather are selected in all sorts of indirect ways, and are supposed to be representative of all sorts of industrial and commercial interests. As a matter of fact, it would seem that out of a total membership of twenty persons, the new Board is chosen by means which, to say the least, do not preclude the Government from having its own way in the matter.

To judge from the writings of the great majority of modern economists it would seem that such measures, tending as they do to monetary manipulation by the Government, will be welcomed and applauded. I am afraid that, in this respect I am not in agreement with them. But this is not the place to argue that matter. At any rate such is the policy which has proved the dominant one at the present time, but which, so far, has not had the desired effect of stimulating industry.

M. Bonnet, the new Finance Minister, has made a gallant attempt to rectify matters by imposing taxes calculated to yield 10.5 milliards in a full year. The Budget for 1938 will thus be nearly 53.8 milliards of revenue, and nearly 52.2 milliards of expenditure. A surplus of 1.6 milliards. This large increase of taxation may be analysed into : (1) measures against tax evasion, (2) direct taxation, and (3) indirect taxation, the latter item constituting over one half of the yield of the new

xes. Besides this, as the railway finances are a charge upon the State, fares have been raised, so as to counteract the railway deficits which have been continuous since 1931.

Unluckily, the surplus of 1.6 milliard is in jeopardy owing to the Civil Servants, who demand a rise of 150 francs a month, to meet the increased cost of living. It is calculated that to grant this will be to wipe out the whole of the prospective surplus of 1938. At a great meeting held in October the Civil Servants have declared themselves ready "to respond to all instructions" of their official spokesmen. These latter state that "we will go as far as a General Strike of the Public Services."

Apart from the ordinary Budget, there is the Extraordinary Budget, for armaments and Public Works. These charges will have to be borrowed. So will the deficits on the Pension Fund, and so forth. Indeed some authorities estimate that the total borrowing required in 1938 will be 24 milliards. From this, however, we may deduct 4 milliards of Debt repayment of the *Caisse d'Amortissement*.

The above figures are furnished with the caution that they alter daily under the action of a fluctuating currency and of unstable prices. And I could say a great deal as regards all the reactions of the above-mentioned policy upon the French budgetary system.* It is declared that the existing French Budget for the year 1937 is balanced, and that the Budget for 1938 is balanced too, as I have said, with a surplus. Here again I would only venture to warn the readers of this Review that they had better not accept these statements too readily without looking into the matter themselves.

*The issues outlined in this article are examined in detail by the author in *The Economic Policy of France*, which has just been published by Macmillan & Co.

TO-MORROW'S HOMES

BY H. PEARL ADAM

HIS home is the real overcoat of civilized man, standing between him and the inimical thrusts of weather or enmity, giving him bodily peace in which to invite his soul, and offering him the possibility of those selected outward contacts which can be grouped under the heading of Hospitality. Like other garments, therefore, it is subject to the influence of those intricate and mysterious currents which rule the erratic course of Fashion. The history of furniture encloses, as in a matrix, the history of clothing ; it abounds in historical cross-references ; it is copiously allusive in regard to the arts ; and it is itself enclosed in the history of architecture, which is the blue-print of human progress from the branch to the cave, from the cave to the hut, and thence to the anomalies of a world which still includes Blenheim Palace and the like, but is more interested in the pullulation known as ribbon-development.

This thesis can be illustrated by the word *bergère*. Unless it be left to stand for shepherdess—to any French person—it leads, within four lines of dictionary small-print, to the shape of an armchair, which was necessitated by the wide hoop of women's dress, copied from the unparalleled artificiality of a period which played at rusticity in silks and satins, produced the Versailles *hameau*, the most tragic toy in the long story of human futility, and set Dresden to work on an output of figures which were all much more Marie Antoinette in fancy dress than Phoebe with her flock. If one word, ineradicably connected with the care of sheep, can be clothed with the atmosphere of Versailles, sponsor a kind of seat, command huge prices for six inches of burnt and painted clay with a certain mark in blue under the glaze, and give the world a pseudo-simple set of song whose sophistication derives directly from the life of Courts, it is obvious that the architecture and furnishing of the house, like

the cutting and trimming of the body-garment, are one and the same in their obedience to the surface changes in obscure but immutable laws.

This year has provided an opportunity of observing some serious indications as to the homes of to-morrow. If we are to cut our coat according to our cloth, it is necessary to study the texture of the cloth. In some ways this is particularly interesting. The Paris Exhibition of arts and crafts in many countries provides one point of departure; the increasing importance of the Antique Dealers' Fair in London, as an annual fixture, another unexpectedly gives one another. Unexpectedly, because the modernist home is not supposed to have much truck with the antique. But it seems likely to have in the future a close connection. The Fair is one of the principal enjoyments offered by London life to lovers of the beautiful. The authenticity of every object displayed, its guaranteed century of life, combine to give the spectator an easy mind; and the fact that everything shown is for sale, and when sold is immediately replaced by some other article, lends a vitality to the occasion which, in the nature of things, no museum can achieve. Many people take a season ticket for this exhibition, for the sheer pleasure of wandering among such a strictly-selected, yet amazingly heterogeneous, collection of domestic objects, "articles of bigotry and virtue," and enchanting rarities from centuries save the nineteenth, which is only slowly qualifying for inclusion.

It provides a crystal in which a seer can study many things; in particular it affords a perfect bird's-eye view of the English character, as expressed in its home. For instance, the general effect is much lighter than it was four years ago. This is due to the lighter colouring of the stall-partitions; which, in turn, is directly related to an increased demand for Sheraton and Hepplewhite, for slender-straightish outlines, paler woods; for mahogany and dark walnut, more satinwood and light oak. Heeds no expert knowledge to see here the influence of modernist architecture.

Furniture-shapes have always followed either house-shapes or clothes-shapes. Indeed, the three are so interplaited that it is difficult to sort into chronological sequence their action and

reaction. An instance of present importance is the change most approximating in our history to that which has altered the physical face of urban England in the last twenty years. (The stupid word "modernism" must be used, because it is convenient and quick and cheap ; and we require those qualities in our hurried and harried race with fate. In a belligerent old phrase, one uses it "for the sake of argument".) Modernism then, has taken less than a generation to effect a change analogous to the century which lay between the death of Elizabeth and the accession of Anne. The pace of life then was quite two thirds slower than it is today ; the law of proportion is thus obeyed.

For, consider with what astonishment the longest-lived Tudors must have beheld the earliest houses built to a system which was afterwards to be called "Queen Anne" on its progress towards the large-minded word "Georgian." The notion of the gable was erased completely. Houses were square instead of pointed ; high instead of rambling ; had a main staircase, and rooms and definite levels, instead of the two-steps-up and one-step-down which showed how previous architects had still owed allegiance to the gods of the soil's own elevation. Moreover windows were wanted ; light was to flood every corner—the highest angle of a room was to be shown, and here was an end to the notion that a wood-carver carved well, even though no eye but his would ever see his work. Big windows and levee storeys were known in palaces, not in the homes of ordinary folk. With this flattening of triangular roofs, and heightening of houses, with tall windows instead of diamond casements, came an astounding influx of standardized patterns. Every hall-door had a fan-shaped transom, and at least four well-made panels of wood. All windows conformed to the newly-accepted notion of windows, which took for granted that the rafters of the Tudor "great hall" received light, and probably plastered them in to allow of an ornamented ceiling ; but certainly rejected darkness in any part of the domestic interior.

The people who built were strongly convinced that their work should last. It is therefore easy to find, all over England, instances of Tudor manors and Georgian mansions standing next each other, only separated by their gardens and the grounds. The later house is not a negation of, but a fighting

test against, the previous dwelling. It hides its beams as though they were unseemly; it brutally decapitates all upward angles; it squares the lozenges of every window, while quadrupling that window's area; in fact, it manhandles the Tudor use as concrete today manhandles brick.

Inside those houses the same operation, in different degree, conformed to the law which rules our changes. The Gothic o-angled chair of wood accepted with difficulty the notion that cushioning was necessary, or even sinless. (There were then well-sprung divans, and straight-backed chairs were beautifully embroidered, but still suggested strongly that cabinet-makers would prefer the human skeleton to be rectangular, and not complicated by soft, bruisable flesh.) The Gothic sideboard, cathedral-like in its immensity, housed the spoons and heavy metal vessels of the table. Beds had strong canopies, and curtains, repeating in their layers of protection the notion which hideless man requires so much—the notion of safety. Nor well he knows that his power of thinking makes him one with the gods, but will not save him a shiver, nor give him a meal. That is why he must have a house, and fill it with chairs of oak, and a burning flame with which to cook, and vessels and vassals that end, and upstairs the furniture which suits the house, as his clothing suits him, made seemly by architecture in his banners, his clothes, his entertainment, his house and all that which signifies his self-presentation to the world.

It is interesting to note that the difference between the Tudor home and the Georgian, the Edwardian and the neo-Georgian (I apologize for a convenient term) is due to the same cause—improvement in transport, especially in road-surface, and consequent facility of transport in everything from bricks and stone to food and guests. The change from horse-transport to wheeled vehicles brought about a change in homes and social life comparable to the change in learning, knowledge, and enjoyment achieved by the change from manuscript to printing.

In this age we are privileged to see an example, intensified in strength, of the same phenomenon. Roads will one day be seen as having a history only temporarily interrupted by railways, but the horsemen of the bridle-paths which founded the great highways would not recognize as roads the austere, brutal,

single-minded by-passes and arterial thoroughfares, sped upon by swift mechanical beetles, subject to laws, written and unwritten, administered by uniformed humans, which to-day enable a man to earn his living in the city, and spend his nights in some lonely plateau, in some lost woodland, where he can be testy about the noise of owls, and the coughing of sheep; or taste in his office the pleasurable pangs of a day-long exile from the noise of pine-boughs in the wind, or the scent of a new-made haystack.

Taking an Elizabethan house and a Queen Anne manor, you will find in all their contents a difference exactly in ratio to the difference in their outward appearance. The furniture, the silver, the china, the apparel of the occupants, have obeyed that mysterious ukase, which imposes upon us some kind of rule; so that a hundred years later, or five thousand years later, such ephemeridæ as ourselves can say with certainty that bats on a saucer of mutton-fat jade symbolized happiness to the artisan, and that a claw-foot on a chair means that the man who made it was alive in England at a certain period during the eighteenth century.

A square house with a flat roof, if found in England, is certainly Georgian and not Elizabethan. Square sideboards, without external ornamentation, are post-Tudor; elegantly oblong, they are Sheraton. There is no space to detail the similar change in household silver, pottery, china, and glass. They followed the rhythm. Silver, owing duty to the Exchequer, acquired a dated set of marks and lost the attractive mystery surrounding such things as armorial Lowestoft, the forgeries resultant on Derby's entry into the ceramic world, and most of the glass which preceded the Czecho-Woolworthian period.

And with that classification we come to the square houses, the rectangular furnishings, the conventionalized and corsetted decoration (or absence of decoration) of the last decade. This is where speeding of transport and massing of production have given to us in twenty years something comparable to the immense change from Tudor to Georgian. And this is where the Georgian is apparently about to enjoy its own again.

The modernist theory, with its craven dread of ornament, its distrust of its own impulses, its terror of the known, has, never-

ueless, been very useful. It has not walked up Piccadilly with lily in its hand, like the æsthetes of the anything but naughty neties ; it has simply said that nobody can afford a big ouse, that nobody has time to dust heavy carvings, or to polish lver ornaments, that nobody can afford servants, that nobody an give dinner-parties—but that it will be hanged, damned, onfounded, or darned, if it will give up the things it most njoys—speed, the exercise of hospitality, heaps of light in its ouse, and a kitchen with such a shiny countenance that it can e kept clean almost by thinking of a damp cloth, certainly by a and-flick of the same.

It must be said that the majority of modern small houses, in the majority of by-pass roads, reject entirely the rectangular, ncrete, vita-glass, sun-trap, notion of a house, in favour of e demi-semi Tudor notion. One should stop to consider this hite seriously. The pundits of art in design and design in art e very angry about it. But there is a fact in our history nch seems pertinent to the half-timbering of the ribbon-velopment. The Norman Conquerors brought with them tions of civilization unknown to the conquered ; but after ree hundred years the language of the country was recognizably, ough much improved, the language of the conquered. And to-day. An unbroken devotion to oak beams and rubble may t overcome the claims of concrete. This may be artistically unsound notion, but psychology, like Hamlet's father, works derground, though it asserts itself in the long run.

The home of to-morrow will certainly enjoy those compound jectives which represent its conveniences. It will be labour-ving, architect-built, easily-run, all-electric or entirely-gas, era-modern, garage-fitted, sun-trap, draught-proof, regulon-trolled, servant-independent, washable-surfaced, and easily uired at something-and-ninepence a week, or a few hundreds own and the rest at your leisure. But it will almost as certainly isake some of the Puritanical attachment to quasi-whitewash and pseudo-plainness which has ruled our homes for the last decade. It will be lemon-juice in the teeth of connoisseurs to ink it, but it is true, that if you took the metal handles and polish off most of the furniture of Sheraton and Hepplewhite, would go without a murmur into modernist rooms ; that

English silver from Commonwealth to George I. and a good deal of George III. would fit like a glove the modern home ; that eighteenth-century glass indulged in such fantasies as a cocktail-party of to-morrow might enjoy ; that pewterers three hundred years ago made plates and jugs and spoons in shapes which are sold to-day to amateurs of the latest ideas ; that Chinese potters a few centuries before or after Christ (centuries mean so little in China) were experimenting and succeeding in the off-white notion which to-day we proudly class as two-years-out-of-date ; and that long ago tapestry-workers made backs and seats for chairs, panels for walls, embodying birds and beasts and foliage which were travellers' tales to them, and therefore lovely and wonderful, but to us, versed in cruising, and used to Zoological Gardens, must be invested with the fancies of artists before they can seem strange enough to fit into our mass-produced homes. When all that is strange is known to us we must ask for something that yet is strange. Before the twentieth century is much older it will discover the eighteenth ; and the domestic craftsmen of that age will dance a hornpipe on the slopes of their Olympus.

PODKARPATSKÁ RUS.

BY JOAN GRIFFIN.

SUB-CARPATHIAN Ruthenia—Podkarpatská Rus as it is called in Ruthenian—is that narrow nose of land at the extreme eastern end of Czechoslovakia, on the borders of Rumania and Poland. Ruthenia's geographical position is important, since it gives to Czechoslovakia her only direct territorial connection with Rumania; it is, therefore, both an essential link between the countries of the Little Entente and an object of desire by Hungary and Poland, whom it divides. My excuse, however, for writing of such a distant, isolated and comparatively peaceful part of the world is not its strategic position, vital as this is, but the fact that it is the *locus classicus* for the good and liberal government of a backward and wretchedly poor minority, and the scene of one of the most interesting social experiments of our time.

Before the War Ruthenia was a Hungarian province, and of all the peoples under Hungarian rule the Ruthenes suffered most. Cut off by the Carpathians and by a Chinese wall of police from their Ukrainian fellows, enslaved by Magyar landlords and Jewish usurers, they were left to rot in poverty, ignorance and superstition. Any who succeeded in raising themselves, culturally or economically, became "Magyarons"—magyarized. Nearly half a million emigrated to the United States.

By 1918 the position was desperate. For four years Ruthenia had been a battle-field. Tsarist Russia, to whom the Ruthenes had always looked for a Messianic salvation, had disappeared. A great deal of very desultory talk about liberty and Slav brotherhood went on, and various entirely conflicting National Councils were set up. But, meanwhile, the Ruthene emigrants in America, who were well-organized and politically more mature, had taken action. They joined Masaryk's Central European Union in Philadelphia and were recognized by the Allies as a

separate nation, entitled to decide their own future. On November 12, 1918, the Ruthene National Council in America resolved that Ruthenia should join the new Czechoslovak Republic, but with a special autonomous status—an independent Diet, with jurisdiction in educational, linguistic, religious and local affairs. This solution was accepted by the Peace Conference and confirmed by the three Ruthene National Councils at home in May, 1919.

The new Czechoslovak government had no enviable problem to face. Ruthenia had been set up as a sort of national home for the Ruthenes, but its population contained almost every other known minority as well.* The language problem was frightening. And on top of all this the country was in a state of unbelievable poverty and chaos. What could the Czechs do, starting absolutely from scratch, not particularly rich and with all the burdens of a new state to carry ?

Their first object was to prevent the Ruthene population from dying wholesale of disease and starvation. Five years of war and invasion had left an always primitive sanitation and hygiene in a state beyond belief. Epidemics—typhoid, Spanish influenza—flared out ; tuberculosis and alcoholism, which had always been rampant, were on the increase. New hospitals and clinics had to be set up, bacteriological laboratories founded and properly staffed, and the whole medical service reorganized.

In less than a generation the whole country has been covered with a network of health services. A new State hospital with 350 beds has been set up at Mukacevo. The Masaryk League for the Prevention of Tuberculosis, begun by the President-Liberator himself, has its dispensaries in eighteen main towns and villages, while the Czechoslovak Red Cross Society has its social welfare and health consulting stations in sixteen others. A large " People's Health Home " has been built at Uzhorod, and a children's home at Mukacevo. A bacteriological service has been set up, and three laboratories have been created, one at Mukacevo, one at Uzhorod and one at Berehovo, near the

*The population of Ruthenia consists roughly, according to the 1930 census, of 446,000 Ruthenes, 107,000 Hungarians, 91,000 Jews, 33,000 Czechs and Slovaks (mostly Czechs), 13,000 Germans, and about 15,000 other diverse minorities.

Hungarian frontier. Doctors are no longer concentrated only in the larger towns, for each doctor nominated is now obliged to settle in the chief village of his district, and is encouraged to contribute as much as possible to the general education, as well as to the health, of his patients. These are only a few examples of all that has been done, but the result has been that the death-rate in Ruthenia has declined from 25.33 per thousand in 1919-23 to 16.92 per thousand in 1935.

But to prevent the Ruthene people from dying was not enough. Something had to be done to help them to live. Agriculture, on which most of them depend, was in a pitiful state by 1919. The country had been overrun by armies of Austrians, Russians, Poles, Hungarians and Rumanians, each of whom had destroyed everything within its range. The country itself is by nature extremely poverty-stricken, with scarcely any industries and few natural resources, save timber. The Magyar landlords did not encourage the creation of an independent peasantry, and the peasants used to help to support themselves when they could by going down into the Hungarian plains at harvest-time, and working there. They were then paid partly in money, partly in kind, and they usually brought back a certain amount of wheat on which they had to live for the rest of the winter. They were shiftless, lazy and desperately poor. Yet obviously, since nearly 70% of them made their living by agriculture or forestry, any efforts towards improving their lives had first to be directed towards the general improvement of agricultural conditions.

The Czechoslovak government has had two main objects in mind; first, to raise the whole standard of agriculture and to find better employment for the agricultural population, and secondly to achieve a better distribution of the land through agrarian reform.

To begin with, various antiquated and feudal rights, such as the *robot*, the *rokovina* and the *kobolina* were done away with. The *robot* consisted of a day's work in the fields and a day's work transporting wood, and was due every year from every peasant who owned a horse or a cow. Those who had neither horse nor cow owed four days' work. Naturally the work was usually needed at harvest-time, when the unfortunate peasant

should have been at home looking after his own crops, if he had any. The *rokovina* and the *kobrina* were tithes due to the *curé* and the schoolmaster. The owner of four hectares of land owed as much as forty bushels of wheat a year in tithes.

The conditions of the leases granted by the landlords to the peasants were equally draconian. The land was held in common, but the peasant had to supply the seed. The landlord could claim as much as two-thirds, three-quarters or even five-sixths of the corn, maize, potato and hay harvests. Only if the tenant could provide manures and agricultural implements had he the right to keep half the harvest.

The Czechs promptly abolished all this feudal nonsense. But at the same time it has been necessary to strive for positive results in the form of a general and far-reaching improvement in agricultural conditions. So in each local area a district agricultural society has been founded, which is managed by the local farmers and affiliated to a headquarters in Mukacevo. The State has also established and subsidized a special committee for improving particularly bad conditions, and set up a co-operative society for dealing in cattle and cattle products in Batu. This society, which makes direct purchases in the markets, helps to maintain a fair price for the peasant. Over forty small dairies have been united in a big co-operative at Krasovsky Mencul, where they make an excellent Emmenthaler cheese. Mechanization and the increased use of electric power have everywhere been encouraged and subsidized, and State-owned agricultural implements—threshers, tractors and so on—can be hired in most districts for a few crowns a day. Improved methods of manuring the soil have improved crop yields anything from 10 to 50%, whilst the new fruit trees and vines provided by the State have increased the fruit and wine yields. Animals have been imported from Bohemia and Moravia and from abroad to raise the general level of livestock—which is still low, and a stud farm for the famous Hucul horses has been set up at Turia Remety, near the Rumanian frontier. The peasants themselves are encouraged by competitions, fairs, agricultural shows, fruit shows and all kinds of prizes. They have never felt so important in their lives before and they enjoy themselves enormously, especially as these occasions give them another

day's holiday to add to the fourteen and a half days per month which the Uniate Church already allows them !

The Czechoslovak Government has also started co-operative unions and labour bureaux for the forest workers. These prevent them from being grossly exploited and help them to find work ; they also canalize the flood of emigrants who formerly found their way to the Hungarian plains, to Slovakia and Bohemia, and even abroad. But the most revolutionary of all the innovations has been the Credit Co-operative Societies. Before the War the Ruthene peasant's only source of credit was the Jews, who yoked him with 40, 50 or 60% interest at the very least. He can still, if he is drunk enough or silly enough, go to the Jews, although their wings have been somewhat clipped by the laws against usury. But he can, if he is a sensible man, borrow from his local co-operative at 3 or 4%, and be given a reasonable time to pay off his debts without fear of being sold up.

Again, the conditions of land ownership in Ruthenia have been revolutionized. In 1918 some 130 magnates owned over a fifth of the whole country. The State owned another third. The peasants, over 90% of the population, owned about 45% of the land ; and in any case the agricultural land only amounted to about 35% of the whole. The Hungarian Government had made certain timid attempts to solve the problem. In particular it bought from Count Schönborn (who owned about one tenth of Ruthenia) 4,800 *arpents* of agricultural and woodland, which was to be divided among twenty-five communes. But the idea came to nothing, because the peasants were far too poor to buy the land, and it was the direction of the Hungarian forests which finally bought them from Count Schönborn.

By the Czechoslovak Agrarian Reform roughly seven-tenths of the agricultural lands belonging to the State and over half of the agricultural lands expropriated from the Hungarian nobility had been distributed by 1931*. Land expropriated in the valley of the Tisza, on the Hungarian frontier, has been assigned mainly to Hungarians. Some 60,000 hectares have been leased to smallholders as pasturage. (Many colonization schemes have been put forward, all aimed at transferring

*Figures after this date are somewhat sketchy.

Ruthenes who have some aptitude for agriculture from the sterile mountain areas to the plains, but they have never been very successful.) The re-distribution of land has been carried out slowly and only after much investigation, since not only has it gone on side by side with the attempts to raise the whole standard of Ruthene agriculture described above ; it has also had to be done with the least possible dislocation of agricultural production.

So far as the encouragement of industry is concerned, the little that could be done has been done. Ruthenia has practically no natural industries, and few mineral resources, and the attempts that have been made, with some success, have necessarily been on a small scale. A good deal of money has been spent on new plant and equipment for the salt mines at Slatina, the only industrial undertaking of any importance. A State tobacco factory has been started at Mukacevo, and the old ironworks at Fridesov and Kobylecka Polan have been reconstructed.

All this has necessarily been accompanied by an improvement in communications. The Hungarians, who did not encourage the various parts of their kingdom to know each other, allowed roads, railways and rolling stock to fall into considerable disrepair. By the end of the War Ruthenia had returned to the early Middle Ages. Bridges had everywhere been blown up, such roads as there were had become bogs or mere cart-tracks; there were no skilled workmen, and no building materials whatever, except timber. To-day the old bridges have been replaced, and over a hundred new ones have been built. The railway lines, which had been finally destroyed by the War or by the frightful floods of 1925 and 1927, have been reconstructed. The trains go, although not always either very quickly or very frequently, and the main roads are good, sometimes better than the older roads in Bohemia or Moravia. An electric power station has been built at Uzhorod (where before the War about a dozen houses were lighted by electricity from the local mill), which carries current to over sixty villages; and other lower stations are almost finished.

But nothing has been as spectacular as the educational work of the Czech *régime* in Ruthenia. They had to take over a

country which was fantastically backward. Illiteracy was nearly 80% not many years ago, and was still between 60 and 70% at the end of the Great War. Ruthenia under Hungary could only be compared to the remoter parts of the Turkish Empire, or to the Papal States before the *Risorgimento*. No national intellectual life existed. The Hungarians had been busily abolishing Ruthenian schools, and in 1914, while the number of Magyar schools was about 850, the number of Ruthene schools was only 47. (Some 35,000 children never went to school at all.) The Hungarian Government itself, in a memorandum submitted to the Peace Conference, gave the number of people speaking Ruthenian as 543; this fact it regarded as a justification of its rule, instead of the terrible indictment that it was. There were no Ruthene public reading-rooms and no libraries, except for a few belonging to the Hungarian Christian Socialist Party, who used them merely for propaganda.

Fifteen years later, at the beginning of 1933, Ruthenia had 68 elementary schools, of which 459 were Ruthenian. The remainder were divided between Hungarians (110), Germans (1), Rumanians (4), Czechoslovaks (160) and Jews (4). The high proportion of Czechoslovak schools is largely due to the fact that many Jews prefer to attend them. There are 34 Upper Elementary schools and parallel classes for Czechoslovaks, Hungarians and Ruthenes in the secondary schools; the Jews have a secondary school of their own at Mukacevo. (Many Jews prefer to follow courses in Czech, because it is the State language.) For children in distant and isolated villages special courses are arranged, and the number of children who go to school has increased by nearly 70%. Technical education, which under the Hungarian régime scarcely existed, has been resolutely nurtured. In 1932 there were 114 "popular" agricultural schools, an agricultural college at Mukacevo, a school for Alpine dairy farming at Nizné Verecky, a school of forestry at Uzhorod. There are also three commercial schools, schools for woodworking at Jasina and Uzhorod, a school for metalworkers at Sevlus, and 24 trade schools. In all these schools the children are taught in Ruthenian, with parallel classes in Hungarian or Czech, if they are needed. Poor children are cared for and helped by scholarships,

maintenance grants, hostels, and, when they reach University standard, by grants from the Masaryk fund, which was established solely for Ruthene students.

But the most interesting school in Ruthenia is the gypsy school in Uzhorod, the only one of its kind in the world. Just outside Uzhorod there is a large gypsy camp, a complete self-contained village with its own mayor, and there the gypsies have built a school for their children. There are about forty of them, gay, vivacious, lazy, extremely musical and immediately bored. They are taught by special methods, with constant changes of subject—ten minutes reading, five minutes singing, five minutes play, ten minutes writing, ten minutes dancing. (They have their choir, conducted by a little boy of nine, and their orchestra.) No one thing can hold their attention for longer than five to ten minutes. Many of them are beautiful, though with a far from immature beauty, and their five-year-old faces are as gaudily rouged and painted as that of any street walker. It is scarcely surprising, one reflects, that the average working life of a school teacher in Ruthenia is about five years!

It is, however, fashionable to represent the work carried out by the Czechs in Ruthenia as an attempt to "Czechize" the population (which, it is said, would otherwise have gone over wholesale to Hungary), and to withhold the promised autonomy. Memoranda, often of direct or indirect Hungarian origin, accuse the Czechs of planting their own nationals in Ruthenia, of preventing the Ruthenes from taking their rightful share in the administration, and of suppressing the Ruthene language and Ruthene culture. (Discontented Ruthenes, on the other hand, complain that Ruthenia has become Czechoslovakia's Siberia). There is no doubt that enormous numbers of Czechs and Slovaks were sent into Ruthenia in the early years, and that their proportion is still high. This was, however, very largely due to the disappearance of the Magyar and Magyarized Ruthene officials, who decamped from their posts almost overnight, and left no Ruthenes capable of filling them—which, in view of the illiterary figures given, is hardly surprising. Many of the higher posts in the administration are still in the hands of Czechs and Slovaks, and it is often necessary to call in specialists from other parts of the Republic. This is a source of particular

rievance to the Ruthenes, since it deprives them of jobs for their local politicians (this they do not openly complain of) and, as they think, of work for their young men who have been through the University. The young men themselves have not yet realized that a University does not entitle them to any or every post they may desire, and that this particular unemployment problem has been common to many countries—to Germany before Hitler, to Austria today, and even to Great Britain during the depression. But the number of Ruthenes in the government service really is increasing very rapidly, and it may now be estimated as over 75%.

As far as the promised autonomy is concerned, the commitments laid down by the Peace Treaties have not yet, it is true, been fully carried out. In the last session of the Czechoslovak parliament a bill was passed substantially increasing the existing measure of independence: the Governor is in future to have a decisive vote in questions of education, religion and local government, in fact those questions which come within the scope of the future autonomous Ruthenian Diet. A new Governor's council has been set up, partly elected and partly nominated by the Czechoslovak Government. But if Ruthenian autonomy is still incomplete, it must be remembered that autonomy cannot be turned on from a tap. It would have been easy enough, since the Treaty of St. Germain had been signed, for the Czechs to hand over Ruthenia to the inhabitants, creating a Diet and a few pasteboard institutions. But since the only organized political party in the country was the Magyar party—the Hungarians having the engaging custom of presenting two gentlemen as electoral candidates, both Magyars, neither having any interest in Ruthenia, one representing the Government, and the the opposition—and since the only relatively rich and educated people were Magyars, Jews or Germans, the Ruthenes could simply have exchanged one form of servitude for another. Before the word "autonomy" can have any real meaning, the Ruthenes have to be so trained, politically, culturally and economically, that they may hold their own in the administration of their land. In any case, there is a serious financial problem to be solved. The Ruthene budget has a deficit of about 500,000,000 crowns a year, which is found by the Czechoslovak Government.

slovak government. No autonomist has yet suggested how this is to be found by Ruthenia.

In short, the constructive work which the Czechs have carried out in Ruthenia since 1918 is the very best that could have been done for that unfortunate country. And it is, alas, the only attempt in Europe today to give really enlightened and liberal government to a poor illiterate, long-neglected minority. There is no need to claim that the Czechoslovak government has done this great work, so costly to it both in money and in the working lives of many of its ablest servants, purely for the *beaux yeux* of the Ruthenes : obviously the strategical importance of Ruthenia is great, and President Benesh has often said that without Slovakia and Ruthenia the Little Entente would be impossible. But it is far more important that this work of liberation and of education should have been done, than that the motive for doing it should be altruism unmixed with self-preservation. For Czechoslovakia's achievements in Ruthenia are important for two main reasons. Both of them concern Great Britain. First, it is important to peace ; if Ruthenia, situated as it is, had been reduced to fresh miseries by repression and neglect, it would have become the likely starting-point of a European War. Secondly, it is an inspiring example of genuine "trusteeship"—of the art of governing, and preparing for self-government, a pitifully backward people. As such, it should be of especial interest to Great Britain, and to all who value humanitarianism put into practice.

CONVERSATIONS IN BOHEMIA

BY HENRY BAERLEIN

MY companion was the mayor of a large, mostly German, town in Bohemia. Belonging, as he does, to a very small political party—at a recent General Election no less than twenty-nine parties appealed to the electors of the Republic—he was clearly elected for his personal merits. This was a few years ago, before the Henlein party came into existence . . . One sees in a moment that his worship is a person of culture.

I mentioned that in the square in which is the town-hall I had only seen two Czech inscriptions. That did not seem to me as if the Czechs were a very relentless people.

“As you know,” he said, “they are good musicians, and as a rule they do not care to bring the *fortissimo* or even the *forte* into their political life. In the Prague parliament they look on with amusement when the Henlein party and another German party, say the Social Democrats, scream at each other. But we were talking of inscriptions—the other day a friend of mine noticed that a private motor-lorry at a railway station was using an old Austrian military tarpaulin from which the letters had not been erased. I wonder if a similar British one would be viewed with equanimity in the Irish Free State. The Czechs are, to my mind, a people with whom it is easy to live. Naturally they have to take precautions. I saw that Professor Toynbee spoke in an article of them having their own police in German districts—even so, you retain one or two harbours in the Free State. I don’t think he explained that we have State and municipal police, and in the State police (as, of course, in the municipal as well) there are quite a number of Germans. As to the Professor’s remark that if a German goes to a bank for assistance and is told that this will be granted if he discharges 20% to 30% of his German employees, I have two observations to make: first, why does not the German apply to a German bank? And if

that is impracticable, I cannot in fairness blame the Czech bank, because it is usual in a German district for the Czechs to be the economically weakest part of the population ; they were the first to be dismissed when the crisis arrived and I do not regard it as immoral if a Czech bank asks for them to be reinstated. This, of course, exasperates Henlein who wants the Czechs in the German districts to be at his mercy."

" Talking of frontiers," I said. . . .

" The present ones," said the mayor, " must not be altered. The Czechs and the Germans have lived together in Bohemia for centuries. That does not mean that they should be fused into a single nation, and when the prominent Czech philosopher, Professor Rádl, a well-known champion of friendship and conciliation among the nations, put forward this idea in 1928, urging that they should become a new entity with a new uniform language, he found very little support. Neither among the Czechs nor among the Germans is there the slightest readiness for such a fusion."

" And Henlein's demand for autonomy ? "

The mayor smiled as he was cleaning his glasses. " That," he said, " is equally impossible. Let me repeat the words that were uttered by the German leader, Joseph Seliger, in October, 1918 : ' The eight territorial fragments, he said, in which Germans are settled, eight territorial fragments separated from each other by wide gulfs of Czech lingual districts, cannot form a single State or a single administrative area, for such State or area must, after all, be a united economic area. To form the German districts into a unit would be without parallel in the whole world and would be the greatest State-political nonsense ! ' For centuries the Czechs and the Germans have dwelt in Bohemia side by side and Bohemia must remain their common home. Cultural autonomy—that is another matter, and that has already been granted to a considerable extent."

" Mr. Mayor," I said, " do you believe that this country can look forward to a happy future ? "

" A most essential point," he answered, " is that we should regard the various problems in an objective spirit."

In the same town and in a rather sumptuous café I enjoyed a simultaneous talk with a deputy of the Henlein party and one of the editors of *Die Zeit*, their newspaper. Both of them were young men, the journalist full of eagerness and the deputy a somewhat more subtle person.

"How do you like our paper?" asked the journalist.

"I would like it more," I said, "if it were occasionally to criticize affairs in Germany. I believe that you refrain from that."

"Oh well," he said, "it is not our business."

"But you criticize very freely what you think is wrong in Czechoslovakia and in France and Russia. That being so, are the Czechs not justified in having some doubts as to your loyalty to their State?"

The deputy tapped the table with two fingers. "You will accept, I am sure," he said, "what our leader has always emphasized, that he is exceedingly loyal. We are labouring to make of Czechoslovakia a model State, where all of us can live in peace and happiness."

"What are your chief complaints?" I asked.

"Hundreds of them!" they answered together.

"The schools, for example? I have heard that in Germany, even if official German data be taken as a basis, more than 600,000 Poles live in compact groups in Upper Silesia and East Prussia. They ought to have several hundreds of Polish elementary schools, whereas it is estimated that of the 260,000 Polish children in Germany only 1,636 can attend Polish schools."

"We were talking about Czechoslovakia," said the deputy. "Do not let us digress."

"I would agree with you," I said, "that two blacks do not make a white, but the Germans do not seem to have done so badly with regard to schools in this Republic."

"Your own Professor Toynbee has pointed out," declared the deputy, "that the Government has built Czech schools in the Sudeten districts."

I asked him how many existed before the War, and reminded him that in those parts one found Czech workers in the factories and Czech domestic servants, because they were cheap. Must their children remain perpetually without schools, and if Czech civilians and military are sent to those parts must the State

only send bachelors? "I really do not believe," I said, "that those Czech schools are built for purposes of Czechization. Now in Saxony and Prussia the view is held that the Lusatian Serbs are a branch of the German nation speaking the Serbian language. They have not a single school of their own; this last fragment of a characteristic Slavonic nation is being totally eliminated."

"My dear sir," said the deputy, "why do you always digress?"

"Very well," I said, "let us go back to the German schools in Bohemia. I have ascertained that there the average number of children in a German elementary class is 36.2 and in an upper-elementary class 40.1, while the figures for the Czechs are 35.3 and 40.5—so that there is no great difference. How have German public libraries expanded, with the active participation of the Ministry of Education? Well, the 458 German local public libraries with 282,255 volumes had grown by 1935 to 3,570 libraries possessing 2,020,893 volumes. To mention only one other thing, the German travelling libraries, an institution founded and supported by the Ministry of Education. I have heard that it is in a most flourishing condition."

"What a pity it is," said the deputy, "that you cannot be more objective, like myself and my friend here."

"Do you ever think," I asked, "of the condition of the German in Italy—how many schools have they in South Tyrol? Do you know that all the teachers have been replaced by Italians with no knowledge of German? If you were to visit South Tyrol I believe you would be grateful to the Czechs. And don't you think that *Die Zeit* ought to allude to the fall in the unemployment figures? Your people, some of them at any rate, were foolish enough to proclaim that the Czechs had purposely brought about unemployment in the German districts. Now that the world markets in textiles and glass are improving you reap the benefit, just as did the Czechs in the case of iron and steel."

"Of one thing I am sure," said the deputy, as he got up to go away, "and that is that you are not objective."

* * * * *

Then in a town not very far away, but whose inhabitants are almost exclusively Czech, the mayor was good enough to dedicate an afternoon to me in my hotel. Now and then we

were joined by the jovial proprietor, a Czech who had lived in Melbourne and served during the War with the Australian army. His shape has become plump and unmartial, while the mayor, a middle-aged manufacturer of stoves, has the look of a man of the open air, as if he spends his days in climbing the wooded hills of the neighbourhood. And he was strenuous in exposition.

"Of course," he said, "there has been economic depression in the German districts and whose fault was it, to a large extent? Many of them considered that our new State was built on shifting sands; they turned from it to Germany, made their investments there and when the crash arrived they suffered the same fate as the native population. After that came the prosperous years, and it was then that they prepared for themselves another catastrophe, for the German industrialist borrowed from his bank in a very reckless manner. The indebtedness of the German textile industry in north and west Bohemia in 1929, when the wave of prosperity reached its crest and the crisis set in, was some 80% in excess of the Czechs' indebtedness. The Moravian woollen trade, also in German hands, had kept to a conservative business policy and, though it suffered, it was not ruined and it emerged successfully from the crisis."

"All that is true," said the proprietor, "and if the Czechs had any interest in destroying the German industry they would certainly have begun by attacking that which is for the most part located in the midst of the Czech element, such, for example, as that of Moravia."

"Another thing one must remember," said the mayor, "is that the Germans in Bohemia were severely hit by the policy of restriction of imports imposed by Herr Schacht. Nine million tons of brown coal were exported every year to Germany, a trade chiefly in German hands, and now this exportation has ceased. I am one of the most objective of men," said the mayor, "and it seems to me that the Germans should not put all the blame on us for their economic disasters. Have the Czechs not suffered from the condition of the world markets? There is a place a few miles from here, with five Czech factories all at a standstill."

"I, too, am very objective," said the proprietor, "and to me Henlein is an extraordinary figure. Here in a democratic

country—that affair of Brand, one of his chief lieutenants. Henlein would like to be as despotic as Hitler, and when many accusations were brought against Brand he ignored them. At length he appointed a court of arbitration and when Brand was condemned by this body Henlein condemned the court.”

“ I am not surprised,” said the mayor, “ that such a man is anxious to obtain autonomy for his people. It must be disagreeable for him to live in a free country.”

The proprietor was laughing. “ One point,” he said, “ is in our favour. It would surely be most unpleasant for the Nazis to absorb Bohemia. Does not Rosenberg, one of their leading interpreters of the philosophy of nationality, describe us and the Poles as worthless, degenerate and uncreative peoples? It is difficult to believe that the Germany of today can covet the possession of our German fellow-citizens in whose veins there flows so much of the blood of our worthless and degenerate nation. And to accommodate the Czechs they would have to construct a large number of new concentration camps—nearly all the Czech people would have to be interned, because the Fascist party, perhaps the only one of which they would approve, is very small. As for me, I might be decapitated because I served in the War under General Monash, one of the most capable commanders,—but he was a Jew.”

We broached the subject of the six thousand Sudete children whom the German Government had invited, on the ground that they were starving in Czechoslovakia. Of course if they had been permitted to go the Germans would have boasted of their philanthropy and their resources, both of which are doubtful. But that was not the reason why the journey was vetoed, nor was this done because a similar invitation from the Czech Government for German children a year ago was, at the last moment, prohibited by Berlin. On this occasion the Czechs had asked where the children would go to and who would supervise them. No reply was vouchsafed and so the children were not sent. Naturally, they would have been plied with Nazi propaganda.

“ I saw some little time ago,” said the mayor, “ that a German newspaper, the *Berliner Tageblatt* of August 6, 1937, brought against our people a charge of propaganda. It objected strongly to our use of the term “ frontier district”, which, after all, it is,

and rebuked us for not calling it 'Sudete Germany.' And I have not heard that the paper has apologized for this incredible effrontery. Perhaps in time they will acknowledge that they made a mistake.'

"Will Dr. Goebbels acknowledge," asked the proprietor, "that his Ministry made a mistake when it caused the German newspapers to publish a terrible photograph of Spanish refugees with the caption 'Plight of the Germans in Czechoslovakia'?"

* * * * *

A Scot who has been for some years in Prague was walking with me on the fine embankment of the river. We were looking up towards the castle, high upon the other bank, and the whole view reminded one of Edinburgh, except that the gardens of Princes Street were replaced by the beautiful, wide river, the occasional green islands and the many bridges, with the Gothic towers that guard St. George's bridge on either bank.

"I am fond of the Czechs," said my companion, "and because of it I wish that some of our people would not give them such bad advice, I mean the Liberals and folk like that. Always talking and writing as if Britain would stand by them in a struggle with Germany. Since you have been in this country you may have heard people say that they are not prejudiced, that they are objective."

"Yes," I said, "I have heard them say it."

"There is no word that could be applied to myself with greater accuracy. I am like Romain Rolland in this matter—above the conflict. But I maintain that we must not close our ears to it. We are more to blame than you perhaps imagine for the position in which the Czechs now find themselves, a small nation with a Great Power glowering at them from the other side of the frontier."

"When you say that we are to blame," I asked, "do you refer to what is alleged to have happened at the end of the War, the suggestion of Dr. Benesh that in exchange for a few hundred thousand Lusatian Serbs, who of course are Slavs, the Czechs should give up the district of Eger with about a million Germans? Mr. Lloyd George, as you will know, is said to have answered: 'On the one hand they want to give up, on the other to take; let them stay as they are!'"

My Scottish friend jabbed his stick impatiently against the wall of the embankment. "The past," he said, "is past. It is against the publicists and so forth of today that I am up in arms. Why on earth don't they advise the Czechs to make an agreement with Germany? Something should be done now, with our co-operation, or Germany may undertake it herself and then we would be faced with the problem of war against her or else leaving her a free hand in Central Europe. The Czechs should make an agreement with the Germans, analogous to the Polish-German non-aggression pact."

"Would Germany observe it for a moment longer than it suits her?"

"Look here," he said, "I think the Czechs ought to put forward every effort to reconcile their German minority, and then the Germans of the Reich will cease to rage. I am sure that the Henlein party—except a few extreme German nationalists who were not loyal to Austria before the War—do not wish to be within the Reich, because German industry, so powerful and well organized, would seriously compete with their own. And for economic reasons I feel that Germany doesn't want to absorb Czechoslovakia."

"Are economic reasons always predominant?"

"Oh, I know," exclaimed the Scot, "you are thinking of the aerodromes and all those German armaments on the frontier. That is a case of nerves. Hitler believes that Russia will invade his country through Czechoslovakia and he has to protect all the industrial towns of Saxony."

"You want the Czechs to abandon their understanding with Russia? Why not go as far as Henlein and urge them to give up their French alliance as well and place their entire trust in Germany?"

"They might do worse," he said. "As a first step I would have them hold all the municipal elections without any postponements, and if a number of Henlein mayors are elected let them serve and it will be seen that they are unable to carry out a good deal of what their party has promised."

"Do you think that the Henlein party would then lose ground with the German electors and that the German Activist parties who are ready to work with the Czechs—"

"The German Social Democrats in this country are gaining already."

"Talking of democrats," I said, "do you remember the defenestration which took place up there in the castle in the Middle Ages when the democratic, or rather democratic, Czech noblemen flung the two Hapsburg delegates out of the window? I feel that the Czechs are a democratic folk while the Germans are not."

"Those who live here cannot escape the Czech democratic influence, however despotic Herr Henlein may be. The future lies with the Czechs. Rulers should be more generous than those whom they rule. What about Pitt? Did he not know how to reconcile the Scots, forming Highland regiments and with them conquering Canada? When I said that we in Britain are largely to blame for the present state of things, I was thinking also of the League of Nations. How many petitions of the Sudete Germans were simply shelved?"

"How many of them for example about their schools, were unjustified? How many were trivial?"

"They should all have been carefully examined. Win over the Germans in Czechoslovakia and you will win over the Germans of the Reich. I do not think it is impossible and I believe that for Czechoslovakia it is a vital necessity."

NATIVE GOVERNMENT IN SOUTH AFRICA.

BY G. H. WILSON.

THE discussions between General Hertzog and the British Government on the question of the transfer of the Protectorates to the Government of South Africa have given rise to a good deal of propagandist agitation in this country against such transfer. The British Government, as administering the three Protectorates, undoubtedly holds a special position of Trusteeship towards the natives of those Protectorates, and there is no objection in South Africa to informed British criticism which shows an anxious solicitude on behalf of the Protectorate natives, so long as such criticism is reasonable and not, as it sometimes the case, tainted by a certain malice against the Government and people of the Union. I have recently been reading such propagandist literature published in this country, and designed to obstruct at every point the policy for which South Africa to-day is making a claim. Actually, that policy, if carried into effect, should have a very powerful influence in advancing the interests of the natives in the British Protectorate and, in so doing, advancing the general interests of South Africa as well as of Great Britain.

Such criticisms as I have mentioned are selective in their character. They have, as far as I have seen them, given little credit to the Government of the Union in respect of its native policy, even where that policy is enlightened and progressive, but rather have endeavoured to represent it as based solely on repression, injustice, and a political ethic which is entirely foreign to the traditional policy of Great Britain in her relations with coloured and native people.

In the first place it is well to remember that the South Africa Act which is the constitutional instrument of South Africa to-day was adopted by the British Parliament in 1909 with practically complete unanimity. That Act contemplated the early transfer

of the Protectorates to the Government of South Africa, and in the Schedule to the Act were laid down the terms and conditions, the safeguards and the guiding principles, under which the transfer should be made and the future government of the Protectorates by the Union should proceed. That was in 1909-10 and the British Parliament was fully aware at that time of the general system of native government in South Africa. It did not quarrel with that system, though no doubt there were many in this country, as there were, and are, in South Africa, who find much to deplore in our native policy. At the same time I do not hesitate to say that in the Union as a whole the attitude of the white people towards the native races has on the whole made a very great and real advance since the South Africa Act was passed.

That advance is sometimes obscured for the moment by individual cases of brutality and even injustice. But the native is no longer regarded by the people of South Africa as merely a beast of burden. He is recognized as a human being, and that process is making steady headway even in the most backward districts. What tends to check that headway perhaps more than anything else is the reckless criticism of certain individuals and groups in this country who seize upon isolated instances of cruelty and injustice—and these are increasingly rare—and represent them as characteristic of the South African people in their relations with the natives. These too often unjust criticisms have a peculiarly exasperating effect throughout South Africa, and the mischief they provoke is not merely in injuring the cause of the native, it even disturbs to a not unimportant extent the friendly relationships between the two peoples. It is much as if in South Africa organizations were established with the express purpose of calling attention to such examples of unjust sentences in the magisterial courts as are "pilloried" from time to time in the pages of *Truth* or appear in the daily Press, and representing them as characteristic of British institutions in the United Kingdom. Such an attitude would, of course, be monstrous, but it is equally monstrous that little groups in England should print and circulate records of anomalies or injustices which from time to time occur in the South African Courts, but which, be it said, are seldom

allowed to occur without emphatic protests in the South African Press and without severe comment from the South African Judiciary when such cases come under review.

The classic example in recent years of what is called the "regressionist tendency" in South African native policy is the Act passed two years ago under which the native voters in the Cape Province were deprived of the franchise which they had enjoyed for a century. That fact in itself was a discreditable episode in South African history, and there was strong opposition in South Africa itself. But criticisms which are rightly directed against it too often ignore certain other facts which are in themselves almost as remarkable an indication of progress in the totality of South Africa as the disfranchisement of the Cape natives was a symptom of retrogression. In the first place it is remarkable that, although the Cape native enjoyed the franchise in the Cape Province on the same basis as the white man for eighty years, the total roll of natives on the voters' lists two years ago was only 11,000. The natives in fact had themselves failed to take advantage of the opportunities given to them. In the second place although the old Cape Native Franchise has gone, there has now been introduced throughout South Africa a system of native representation which may prove to be a much more real and valuable asset to the natives of the Union as a whole than the Cape Native Vote ever was to the Native of the Cape.

It is amusing to notice that in one of the critical documents to which I have referred it is said that the "shred of political equity" provided by the old Cape Native Franchise was enjoyed by "a meagre 10,000 natives." This is an unconscious admission that the Cape natives themselves had failed to take advantage of their opportunities. Now in the remaining provinces of the Union—the Orange Free State, the Transvaal and Natal—the native, before the passage of the Act of 1935, enjoyed no political rights whatsoever. His voice was unheard, and to the silence of that voice the British Parliament had itself given full consent when in 1909-10 it passed the South Africa Act. Few comments in this country that I have seen have shown an appreciation of the fact that, although the Cape Native has been deprived of the equal franchise that he enjoyed in the Cape Province and used only to the extent of 11,000

voters out of a potential native electorate of ten times that number, an advisory voice in the native legislation of South Africa has been given not only to the Cape Natives but also to the natives of the Transvaal, the Free State and Natal, who have hitherto had no part nor lot in the discussion of their affairs through an organized channel.

In other words, although the Cape Native has been deprived of a technical equality of which he failed to make the use that was his for the asking, a vast number of natives in South Africa as a whole have now been given at least an advisory vote, including the right to elect their own delegates, in relation to all future legislation which concerns the interests of the South African Native. That represents, in my humble judgment, an immense advance on the system to which, in 1909-10 the British Government and the British Parliament gave its unqualified adherence. It will be said that the new system devised for the expression of native opinion is purely advisory. But is that not emphatically the case in such frail systems of native representation as exist to-day in the Protectorates under the rule of the British Government? Those who are acquainted with the facts and face them honestly must surely admit that the system of local self-government which rules to-day in the Transkeian Native Territories under the Union Government is vastly more efficient and more effective and more really self-determinant than the system in the British Protectorate where the native Pitsos are a caricature of representative institutions and are dominated by the autocracy of the Chiefs, which in turn is controlled and regulated by Downing Street.

It is seldom realized by the self-appointed controversialists on this side of the water that there exist in South Africa to-day under the régime of the Government of the Union native communities which are happy and contented under that rule. Take, for instance, the compact Zulu people, which is a nation that has been under the Union Government since the foundation of the Union, which is given within its own defined territories a very large measure of self-government and which, as I can testify from travelling among them, is on the whole a happy and contented community. Or take again the natives of the Transkeian territories, where, under the system inaugurated by

Cecil Rhodes in his celebrated Glen Grey Act, the natives have their own local councils for parochial affairs, as well as their general council (Bunga) for the administration of questions—such as education, the war against soil erosion, agricultural farm schools and so forth, of common interest to the Transkeian territories as a whole. It will be said that the Glen Grey system was instituted forty years ago ; but let it also be added that that system has been extended and is encouraged by the present Government of the Union, and will be fostered by any Government that is ever likely to hold the reins of power in South Africa. It is the firm belief of many of those who, like myself, deplored the abolition of the old Cape Native Franchise on ethical and theoretical grounds that in the long run the new system may well prove to be far more advantageous to the natives, and that it represents a great advance in the sum total of South Africa, upon the total native policy of South Africa as it existed when the British Parliament, by the South Africa Act, and again much more recently through the Statute of Westminster, gave the Union of South Africa the right to control its own affairs.

It is sometimes said that the Schedule to the South Africa Act which prescribes the terms and conditions on which the transfer shall be made might be annulled by Act of the Union Parliament. This suggestion is a suggestion of *mala fides* which South Africa justly resents, and I may say that, in discussing the point with Mr. Piet Grobler, the Minister for Native Affairs in the Union, he assured me that the Union Government would be perfectly willing to enter into a Treaty with Britain which would firmly secure the terms of the Schedule. There is no suggestion that Great Britain should abdicate its undoubted duties of trusteeship towards the native peoples of the Protectorates.

There remains the question of the time factor. When should the transfer be made ? There is no supreme urgency in the matter, except on sentimental grounds. But there is a gradation in the positions of the three Protectorates, and much of the friction which has arisen would disappear if there were an immediate transfer of the Government of Swaziland to the Union, as the recognized initiation of a complete transfer of all three territories within a few years. This would have a beneficial

effect in that it would place the Union Government on its mettle ; moreover, the natives of Swaziland are probably more amenable to-day to entry into the Union than those of either of the other two Protectorates. Let it be said further that in the other two Protectorates there has been a vast amount of anti-Union propaganda which should have been checked before. The native mind is easily susceptible to propaganda of that kind, and too little has been done by the British Government, in spite of its assurances in 1930, to smooth the way for an ultimate transfer.

And let it be said in conclusion that there is no necessity for angry recrimination on either side. South Africa has made up its mind, for better or worse, that there shall be no political or social equality as between the white man and the native. But when once that position is acknowledged as the unchangeable policy of South Africa, there remains a determination that the native shall be justly treated and that he shall be given every opportunity to develop his own institutions. In South Africa to-day there is a growing liberalism in that sense, a liberalism which, while accepting the principle that political and social equality cannot obtain, none the less works for the encouragement of the native's progress within his own spheres. Those who, in this country, basing themselves upon the principle of equal rights for all civilized men, seek to judge South Africa in all its relations with the native from that unattainable height, and who, in pressing that point of view, call to their aid unjust reflections upon the attitude of South Africa in the light of isolated examples, are not doing a real service to the cause of the native. They too often exasperate by their over-statement those who have stood, and are standing, for liberalism within the orbit of the doctrine that now rules in South Africa, and they tend seriously to impair those confident and affectionate relationships which exist to-day between the vast bulk of the people of South Africa and the people of the United Kingdom.

G.K.C. : PRINCE OF ESSAYISTS.

BY HUBERT WARING.

WHEN awarding the prize in a literary weekly a few years ago for "A Set of Ideas for New Books," Sir J. C. Squire rightly demurred to one item in the winner's list. He had suggested "A Life of G. K. Chesterton"—coupled with the hope that "somewhere there is a Boswell worthy of the modern Dr. Johnson." Sir John's reproachful commentary on this was that "it presupposes the never-to-be-desired death of Mr. Chesterton."

That item would have been enough to disqualify the competitor in the eyes of all good Chestertonians, for the passing of such a knightly figure in the arena of literature was certainly a "never-to-be-desired" event; and his admirers all over the world were both startled and saddened when they heard on that June Sunday last year that the familiar lance would tilt in the lists no more. An inspiring influence that many of us had grown up with, and had not ceased to cherish (though confessing, perhaps, at times, that the inspiration had latterly failed to warm us to the old enthusiasms), had vanished from the scene of contemporary life and thought; and we felt that a truly friendly feature of the landscape of letters was blotted out, and could never be replaced.

Yet, untimely as the death of G. K. Chesterton struck those who looked every week for something from his pen, his life, in one sense, was singularly complete. Minor Boswells may arise to recount the Table Talk of G.K.C., or to add to our knowledge of the man, in his habit as he lived. But the man himself has covered much of the ground—his very last work being the "Autobiography," the publication of which he did not live to see. Almost, as it were, with a premonition of his approaching end Chesterton (his hands being full of other work to the last) made time in the early months of 1936 to put on record a full

statement of his political and philosophical development, and to lay bare for the enlightenment of any future biographer the basis of his religious faith.

In many respects "Autobiography" is the finest book G.K.C. ever wrote. All the old graces of style are here, heightened and deepened by intimate revelations of his spiritual adventures. It is gay with the gaiety of his lightest essays, and wise with the wisdom which, as he claimed, comes only with "second childhood." Again he is seen in his favourite role of Defendant of ancient or derided virtues. Once more the case for Orthodoxy is presented in its most subtle and sophisticated guise. What's Wrong with the World, according to Chesterton's final testament, appears to be much the same as when he engaged in battle royal against the Evils of Eugenics, the Superstitions of Divorce, and the menace of the Servile State. If Mr. Belloc had not already used the title, "The Path to Rome" might fitly have summed up the general trend of this book which, in various aspects is also another Short History of England—at any rate, of the men and movements most closely connected with the author's career. To his co-religionists "Autobiography" may well seem a personal document of the highest value. To others, who loved the man and gloried in his writings, but for whom the Roman road has no attractions, the question may often intrude : did Chesterton take the Wrong Turning ? That is not a question that need be debated here, though references may have to be made to the influence of his theological beliefs on his work as an artist.

For it is as an artist—and not as a democrat, a reformer or a Catholic—that G.K.C. achieved his most lasting claim to fame. One recalls memories of that glad, confident morning when Chesterton first burst into the arena of Liberal journalism and set Fleet Street alight with a display of verbal fireworks which both coloured and illuminated the literary scene. Squibs, crackers and rockets there were in abundance, but it was soon to be proved that the new young author was also a master of the "set piece." In such high-spirited fantasies as "Napoleon of Notting Hill" and "The Flying Inn," and in the critical monographs on Dickens, Browning and Shaw, which followed, we discovered that we had, now rapidly coming to the forefront of

letters, a man with a fresh pair of eyes and an original point of view. And the young among us devoured his articles with the avidity with which small boys devour hot jam tarts.

At that period (the beginning of the century) the Liberal creed was suffering badly from the dourness of its prophets and the sourness of its scribes. For a long time the devils of Imperialism and eroticism had been having all the best tunes, alike in poetry and prose. When Chesterton entered the lists, with "The Wild Knight" and "The Defendant," followed by a continuous stream of literary broadsides in the papers, he was hailed as "the cleverest devil of them all"—who was most definitely on the side of the angels. Reading Chesterton in those days was like reading a more exuberant Emerson. Both uttered spiritual truths in sparkling epigrams, and both possessed that mystical insight which pierces through the outward shows of things to the heart of reality.

The parallel cannot be pursued any further, because in Chesterton's outlook on life there was rarely any of the transcendental gravity and sedateness which characterized the Sage of Concord. An omnivorous sense of humour pervades every page signed by G.K.C. ; while a good deal of his verse also is distinguished by its note of rollicking fun. Indeed, with the possible exception of Bernard Shaw, there is no figure in our literature who has been productive of so many serious ideas clothed in such mirthful form as that of Gilbert Keith Chesterton. One may be hostile to his Catholic propaganda, smile at his fervour for the Middle Ages, discount his social and political gospel, and shy at many of his literary judgments. And still one would have to accord him a very prominent place in the gallery of English comic writers (in the Thackerayan sense); and acknowledge his title as a prince of essayists. That title was seldom better deserved than in the various articles he wrote for **THE FORTNIGHTLY**. He was at the top of his form in such contributions as "English Literature and the Latin Tradition" (August, 1935), and in his penetrating appreciation of Walter de la Mare, which appeared in July, 1932. The old crusading spirit—embellished by many of the familiar flourishes—is also still very much alive in "The Virtues of Revolution," an essay published in the May number of the same year.

He has been called the "Laughing Philosopher," *and though some of the philosophy may be vulnerable, the laugh is genuine enough—and it is a laugh without sneer or cynicism. The serious critic, with a top-dressing, or undercurrent, of humour is the salt of literature in any age. Chesterton had these qualities in overflowing measure. In his most frivolous fancy there is a vein of salutary truth ; while, in the more "composed" style of his works on such men as St. Thomas Aquinas and St. Francis the gravity of the subject is not allowed to crowd out the whimsical paradox, or even the nimble pun. The fault of much humorous writing to-day is that it is either entirely destitute of ideas, or weighed down with stupid gibes against a non-existent puritanism. The first kind is barren of all but the joke ; the second has a tendency to look like publicity for the brewer or the night-club. Chesterton often made a butt of the puritans, but he went for something more fundamental in the puritan creed than the limitation of public-houses or the elongation of bathing costumes.

His castigation of current fads and follies is generally most severe when couched in terms of humorous parallel and illustration. Take this, for example, from an essay on "The Worship of the Wealthy" (He has been inveighing against the use of the words "simple" and "modest" as applied to the activities of a millionaire) :—

"When we have been sufficiently bored with the account of the simple costume of the millionaire, which is generally about as complicated as any that he could assume without being thought mad ; when we have been told about the modest home of the millionaire, a home which is generally much too immodest to be called a home at all ; when we have followed him through all these unmeaning eulogies, we are always asked last of all to admire his quiet funeral. I do not know what else people think a funeral should be except quiet. Yet again and again over the grave of every one of those sad rich men, for whom one should surely feel a speechless pity . . . this sickening nonsense about modesty and simplicity has been poured out. I well remember that when Beit was buried, the papers said that the mourning coaches contained everybody of importance, that the floral tributes were sumptuous, splendid, intoxicating ; but, for all that, it was a simple and quiet funeral. What, in the name of Acheron did they expect it to be ? Did they think there would be human sacrifice—the immolation of Oriental slaves upon the tomb ? Did they think that long rows of Oriental dancing girls would sway hither and thither in an ecstasy of lament ? Did they look for the funeral games of Patroclus ? . . . We shall read in the future that the modest King went out in his modest crown,

*See the biography recently published by his friend, Emile Cammaerts.

clad from head to foot in modest gold and attended with his ten thousand modest earls, their swords modestly drawn. No ! If we have to pay for splendour let us praise it as splendour, not as simplicity. When next I meet a rich man I intend to walk up to him in the street and address him with Oriental hyperbole. He will probably run away."

From the beginning Chesterton seems to have cast himself for the part of defending counsel on behalf of what he called the "treasures" to be found on the "dust-heaps of humanity." Thus, in one of his very first books he set himself the congenial task of defending "Penny Dreadfuls," "Rash Vows," "Skeletons," "Heraldry" "Nonsense" and "Useful Information." And, as a defence of some things automatically implies an attack on other things, G.K.C. was able at the outset of his career to let the world know pretty plainly where he stood. But this counsel for the defence is invariably more successful—in any case, more convincing—when he changes parts with the counsel for the prosecution. As Shaw says of him, "Mr. Chesterton scorns concealment; he stands on the parapet, effulgent by his own light, roaring defiance at a foe who would only too willingly look the other way and pretend not to notice. Even the Lost Causes which are still mighty prefer their own methods of fighting. The Vatican never seems so shaky as when G.K.C. hoists it on his shoulders like Atlas, and proceeds to play football with the skulls of the sceptics."

But it is possible to enjoy logic for its own sake, without the faintest desire to convince or convert the opposition. Chesterton was surely a dialectician of this order. He loved controversy, and played with it as he played with his toy theatre. He was a master of the artistry of argument, and unless one is also keen on this art and admires its supreme practitioners it is doubtful if one can enjoy the Chestertonian style. He was fond above all of picking out strands in a discussion on some public topic which had been overlooked, or disregarded. Sometimes it was a new strand, and often it was a true one. But occasionally, like the rope ladder of the Indian juggler, it was not there at all. The argument, which began with an arresting paradox which compelled attention, and appeared to be clinching the matter, would tail off into mere fantasy or rhetoric, and leave the reader unpersuaded and slightly bewildered. "Orthodoxy" is perhaps the crowning example of this kind of advocacy. Here was a

still mighty Lost Cause which prefers "its own methods of fighting." That brilliant book could only have been of very dubious value to the Roman Catholic hierarchy. The ordinary pedestrian Catholic most likely regarded it (if he read it) as some new and strange sort of atheism.

In spite of the fact that all his life Chesterton was the open foe of the "art for art's sake" school, his own works will survive on the strength of the artistic impulse in them, and not for any "message," doctrine, or philosophy they may contain. We delight in the sheer joy of seeing how the thing is done, how the trick is brought off. G.K.C. could have written the most cogent "Defence" of Tooth-ache, Bores or Electric Drills. We should have been highly amused, and probably disposed to admit the force of the argument. But the next onslaught by any of those demons of pain, noise or mental agony would not have been made more endurable by memories of the good word put in for them by G.K.C. And the same applies to many other more important causes and institutions which the author more powerfully championed.

Chesterton could truly be said to have been both the master and the slave of his literary style. Alliteration (to which he was as great an addict as Swinburne himself) and antithesis chase each other across the page, making a pretty pattern, but often leaving little more than the pattern behind them. G.K.C.'s writings on the War frequently gave one the impression that this was the finest and most spectacular "Defence" he had ever conducted. The pieces of the argument came together with such a resounding click that you would imagine the War was simply an intellectual puzzle invented for the sake of his clever and original solution. He found a new strand even here. While on some vague recruiting mission in Ireland he told the Sinn Feiners that, although England had treated Ireland badly in the past, it was due to the Teutonic influences in the governing class, and that by helping to fight Germany the Irish would be helping to fight that bad old spirit in England, her ancient enemy. England was not to blame, except in so far as she had allowed herself to come under German influence. Again, the artistry of argument, and great fun for the Chestertonians. But, of course, the Irish failed to see the point, and the bag of recruits must

have been extremely small. Yet it was an attractive new angle from which to present the case for Ireland coming into the War. It was true and convincing on its own plane, the plane of the fanciful essay, just as the characters in "Peter Pan" are true and convincing on their own plane, the plane of the fantastic drama. One joke even Mr. Chesterton missed in connection with the War, and that was concerning the Pope's impartial blessing of the combatant-faithful in all countries. If his religious sympathies had been other than they were, G.K.C. would surely have remembered the attitude of the old Duke in his play, "Magic"—who encouraged both the publican and the teetotaler, "because they were both doing good in their own little way."

Admirably equipped as he was for nearly every kind of literary output, Chesterton excelled in the poem and the essay beyond anything else. He was far too aware of every "wind of doctrine" to make a good novelist, though several romantic fantasies in novel form came from his pen. The collection of short tales in "The Club of Queer Trades" is perhaps the best of these. But a story in Chesterton's hands became too easily a vehicle for espousing a cause, or propounding a thesis. Some are frankly unreadable from any other point of view. Even the "Father Brown" detective tales contain more spiritual psychology than criminal mystery. Like his creator, the little clerical sleuth has the rather irritating habit of bringing his case together with a click. He rarely needs any of Poirot's "grey matter." He knows the solution almost as soon as the problem is presented. One of G.K.C.'s best detective yarns is his "Short History of England." This is the story of an ancient crime—the crime against the English peasantry at the end of Wat Tyler's insurrection. The criminals change their titles and status through the succeeding centuries. The barons turn into puritans, the puritans into Whigs and the Whigs into capitalists, but they are still the villains of the piece; and the crime done to the English poor is still unavenged. This Short History is packed from end to end with new strands of argument and interpretation. Even at that time the author was feeling his way towards a solution of national and social problems. And it was clearly not to be a Protestant solution.

Religion, like adversity, makes strange bedfellows ; and in his last years Chesterton must have found it difficult to reconcile his early passion for democratic institutions with the anti-democratic activities of some of his Latin friends. It is pleasanter to revert to G.K.C. as the incomparable artist, who used words like a conjurer, and rejoiced in the image, as it was once presented to him, of "producing ideas out of a hat." It was no small feat to maintain his high quality of tone and style throughout thirty years' weekly contributions to the "Illustrated London News." These essays were a perpetual delight, both in the approach to their subject and in the illuminating digressions with which the articles were tricked out. Can we do better than to conclude this brief survey of Chesterton's journalistic work by quoting from the first and the last article he wrote for the paper he had served so long ?

When I was going down the river on an L.C.C. steamer the other day, a man standing near me pointed out the piles of great buildings on either bank and said, "This is calculated to impress the foreigner." Why should it impress the foreigner ? Has the foreigner never seen a building more than one-storey high ? Do Frenchmen and Germans live in mud huts ? Have they no abbeys in their countries, and no bishops' palaces ? No ! If you wish to impress the foreigner, cling convulsively to your hansom cab. Never let him see you except in that vehicle. Drive round your back-garden in it ; drive it up the centre aisle when you go to church. When the British Army advances into battle, let each private soldier be inside a hansom cab, and its enemies will flee before it." (September 30th, 1905).

" . . . there was never anything quite so false or flashing or misleading as the smart attempt of Thackeray to turn the tragedy of George the Fourth into a farce. Nothing could possibly be less true than the suggestion that the dandy was merely a dummy ; that under the Star and Garter, the furred collar, and fine coat, there was nothing at all except waistcoats and under-waistcoats and a void. George was at the end of his life, in externals, a bloated old Tory buck, rabidly reactionary and autocratically self-indulgent, buttoned-up and disguised quite sufficiently to deceive all the rising generation of Liberals as superficial as Thackeray. But the whole secret of him was that there were buttoned up inside that Star and Garter and fur-collared coat something much more dark and disconcerting than waistcoats. There were dead men under that coat ; a dead lover, a dead Liberal, a dead friend of the lovers of freedom, a dead friend of Ireland ; and what might have been a great King of England." (June 20th, 1936).

Thus a new strand of advocacy in the last essay he ever wrote. It was not inappropriate perhaps that this genial Radical writer and prince of paradoxists should end with a tribute to George the Fourth. "Defendant" to the last !

DEATH OF A DECLARATION.

BY WILLIAM ZUKERMAN.

THE partition of Palestine is a natural result of events in the Holy Land and in Europe since the Great War.

If there is anything in the famous proposal of the Palestine Royal Commission which stands out above others, it is what one might call its inevitability. For the last twenty years events have been moving with an almost fatal certainty in the direction of this particular solution of the problem. The error of those who oppose the partition plan, pleading for an understanding between Arabs and Jews, is based on the fact that these people, chiefly old American liberals and pacifists, are judging present-day Palestine in the light of the Balfour Declaration, while that famous Declaration has been dead many years. It was born almost dead, and there is nothing left of it now but a corpse. The contribution made by the Peel Commission towards the problem consists only in its recommendation to remove the corpse from the public highway where it has been disintegrating and infesting the air.

The Peel Commission, in short, has merely served in the capacity of coroners who have been called in to confirm the demise and to establish its causes. To the credit of the Zionists it must be stated that, generally, they have fully realized the situation and faced it bravely. By instructing its Executive to negotiate on the basis of partition, the majority of the last Zionist Congress at Zurich had the courage to admit that the verdict of the Peel Commission was right, and that the Balfour Declaration had failed. Herein lies the significance of the Congress. Herein is also the partial secret of the long and passionate opposition to the plan at the Congress, of the almost heart-breaking debates lasting until three o'clock every morning which puzzled many outsiders. For to many Zionists the Balfour Declaration was as sacred as the Bible. For twenty

years it has been their sheet-anchor in the worst storms that Jewry has encountered. To abandon this protection willingly; to part with this beloved document, which had lit a lone hope like a star, and to venture out on a new uncharted course, was not easy. The Twentieth Zionist Congress will be remembered in Jewish history chiefly for its courage and realism.

Actually, the termination of the Balfour Declaration constitutes not only the chief significance of the partition plan, but also its greatest benefit to Palestine, to the Jews, and even to Zionism itself. The Balfour Declaration was one of the most well-meaning documents of our time. Its motive—to right a great historic wrong committed by the Christian world against the Jews—was noble, humane, and it may be accounted one of the grandest gestures in modern history. It was based on an almost pathetic faith in human nature, in the ability of two nations to live together in a small country which both regard as their own, and yet respect each other's rights and historic claims. Its authors believed in reason as a guide in human relationship, in compromise instead of force as a solution of social difficulties. Conceived in the minds of the best pre-War English Liberals, it was a typical expression of nineteenth-century Liberalism. Like pre-War Zionism itself, it was a product of pre-Fascist Europe, still living under the spell of the Rights of Man, undisturbed by doubts about Liberty, Equality and Democracy. Had that Declaration been issued after the French Revolution, or even fifty years ago, Palestine might by now have been a second Switzerland.

II.

But the tragedy of the Balfour Declaration was that, conceived in the spirit of the liberal nineteenth century, it had to be actualized in the “fascist” period of the twentieth century, when every principle of liberalism is being openly repudiated; when narrow, selfish nationalism reigns supreme, and the oppressed, like the oppressors, have lost their faith in reason and in human nature, and see salvation only in brute force. It is the discrepancy between these two spirits, liberalism and nationalism that has brought about the friction in Palestine. The Arabs rose in revolt, protesting that their country had been taken

from them, and given to strangers. It was futile to argue with them, or even to prove to them that the Jews had not taken anything from them ; that the Jewish settlers had developed waste, derelict land, to the advantage of the Arabs as well as of themselves. Appeals to reason avail nothing to men possessed by modern nationalism, and, like most victims of this new plague, the Arabs found no way of enforcing their claims but by resorting to brute force, bloodshed and destruction.

What is more paradoxical, the oppressed Zionists have themselves developed to a large extent an aggressive nationalism of the same type. "Every inch of soil in Palestine, including Transjordania, is 'Eretz-Isroel' (Land of Israel)," exclaimed Mr. M. Ussishkin, the veteran Zionist leader of the opposition to the partition plan at the last Zionist Congress. Mr. Ussishkin is not an extremist Revisionist. He is a typical middle-class Zionist and embodies in himself, probably better than anyone else, the spirit of Zionism of the Balfour Declaration period. Next to Dr. Weizmann he is the most respected figure in the Zionist movement. He was President of the Zionist Congress and he led nearly forty per cent of the Congress against partition. This opposition was not based, like that of the handful of American liberals (who belonged chiefly to the non-Zionist section of the Jewish Agency) on the belief that an understanding with the Arabs was possible and desirable, but on the assumption that the whole, not a mere part, of Palestine belonged to the Zionists. It was given them by the Lord God and by Lord Balfour. For the truth is that Zionism, which started before the War as a Liberal-Socialist experiment—with a view to changing the abnormal psychology and economy of East-European Jewry—as a result of the Balfour Declaration and the rise of Fascism and anti-Semitism, has been rapidly losing its liberal spirit ; (curiously, the Socialist part of the experiment has not been affected, it has even been strengthened). Like Arab nationalism, Zionism, too, was also driven to place its faith in force, although in the more refined and organized form of the British Army.

As for the Palestine administration—its part in the business was unique, if not tragic. It has doubtless committed many errors in Palestine. The Peel Commission itself admits this. But

there can be no doubt, save in the minds of confirmed fanatics, that the Palestine Administration started out originally with the honest intention of applying the tenets of liberalism inherent in the Balfour Declaration, which to the British meant fairness to both nationalities alike, and the avoidance of force. But both these principles were violently denounced by both Arabs and Zionists. Both held that it was not the business of the Administration to be an impartial, even a fair judge between them ; it had to take sides with one side against the other. Also, it was urged to use force. The fact is that most of the errors of the Palestine Administration (and they were many) flowed from the attempt to apply liberal principles to a non-liberal situation. The Administration, being British, had a different conception of its duties in Palestine than had the Arabs or Zionists. It spoke an entirely different language which neither of the two nationalistic groups could understand. Consequently, whatever it did was wrong, and only served to infuriate the contesting parties still more.

III.

The result is the Report of the Peel Commission and the plan to partition Palestine. One cannot but marvel that a British Commission should have been able to probe so deeply into the essentials of a situation so foreign to its own spirit. For more than any other people, the British still live in the spirit of nineteenth-century liberalism. They understand least of all the passionate nationalism and hysterical racialism which are now sweeping a great part of Europe. Yet the Commission realized that as far as Palestine is concerned liberalism as a policy has failed. Not that the Peel Commission has come to the conclusion that the tenets of liberalism as such have failed ; that it is reasonable to divide a little country the size of Wales into three parts, or that the principle of dividing people is better than that of union and co-operation. Far from it. The Commission has only made the important discovery (one that incidentally is now being made in many other quarters in England), that liberalism is a plant which can flourish only in certain soils, among certain peoples, and upon a certain level of culture ; that it cannot be exported for indiscriminate, universal use, and above all, that

it cannot be forced upon a people which is under the spell of intense nationalism.

For present-day nationalism brooks no partnership. It must be sovereign in what it considers its own domain. Conciliation on the basis of mutual understanding is not in its nature. The very soul of modern nationalism is complete sovereignty, exclusiveness and jealous exclusion of any kind of partnership or co-operation with those outside the tribe. Under such circumstances, partition and division are simply unavoidable, irrespective of whether they are in themselves good or not. The dismemberment of Austro-Hungary, the crazy patch-work of European frontiers, the carving out of the Baltic States, and the many other surgical operations performed at Versailles were of the same type as the division of Palestine, and they were undertaken for the same reason, because the logic of nationalism rendered them inevitable. True the partition of Palestine reveals our *Zeitgeist* in its most absurd form, but it is completely in conformity with the times.

What is more, under these conditions, partition is the most humane solution of a situation such as now exists in Palestine. It is the only civilized alternative to the nationalistic jungle. The law of that jungle is that no compromise is possible in the struggle for nationalistic sovereignty. In such a fight the weaker combatant must be crushed and the stronger left alone, without interference. Partition is thus the only protection for the weaker which civilization has so far devised under nationalism. In the present case, the weaker combatant is doubtless the Jewish group. With all the apparent influence of the Jews, with all their alleged wealth, they are pitifully weak in a conflict with pan-Arab nationalism. Partition is therefore their most effective protection in Palestine.

There are those who fear that the establishment of two separate States in Palestine will evoke an irredentist movement which will exacerbate the differences between the Arabs and the Jews and will still more increase the hatred between the two peoples. This possibility dominated the arguments of the pacifist opposition to the plan at the Zionist Congress. But the experience of post-War Europe, which is richest in national division and partition, shows that this fear is grossly exaggerated.

Whatever economic and political harm partition has done in Europe, it *has* tended to alleviate national friction and irritation. The Poles, Lithuanians, Letts, Esthonians and Finns hate the Russians less now than they did when they were forced against their will to live together with them. The Czechs and Slovaks do not dislike the Austrians now as they did before the War ; there is surely less passionate resentment now against England in Ireland than before the establishment of the Free State. For it is not so much abstract national hatred that matters, but the petty irritation, the constant fears and jealousies which result from daily intercourse with people against whom one has a grievance. Sometimes it is the mere presence of a neighbour against whom one has a grudge that suffices to work up passion against him. It is quite likely that, when the Arab daily fear that the Jews are dominating their entire country disappears, re-assert the centuries-old friendship between these two people will itself. It is even possible that the very establishment of a Jewish State will lead to the understanding which the two nationalities cannot find now. For nationalism respects and recognizes force ; a Jewish State and an Arab State are more likely to get together than are Arabs and Jews.

IV.

There is one other advantage of Palestine partition which is generally overlooked. This is the beneficial effect which it is bound to have on the relationship between England and the Jews. This relationship has been deteriorating for some time and lately has caused real anxiety. It is the irony of fate that the Balfour Declaration which was supposed to create a new bond of friendship between the Jews and the British, had in reality the reverse effect. There is not the slightest doubt in the mind of a disinterested observer of Jewish life that the British Mandate over Palestine has been steadily and surely poisoning the friendly relationship between these two people. Almost from the first year of the Mandate the cry has been raised in the Zionist world that England has deceived and 'betrayed' the Jewish people, and this cry has increased in volume from year to year until it has now become an accepted article of faith of almost every Zionist party and is declaimed

from every Zionist platform. (There was an echo of it also at the last Zionist Congress, but on the whole that Congress was the most pro-British in years). All the trouble in Palestine, the intransigence of the Arabs, their strikes, pogroms and revolts, the inadequate number of Jewish immigrants admitted into Palestine, the machinations of the Mufti, the failure to come to an understanding with the Arabs and the slow growth of the National Home—everything has been laid at the door of England, or in official parlance, of the Mandatory Power. To the average non-thinking Zionist the ‘Mandatory Power’ has been developing into a legendary evil force, a kind of a new and modern Haman to whom all evils in Jewish life have been ascribed.

At the same time the constant friction in Palestine during the last seventeen years has also created a definite anti-Jewish sentiment among the British officials in Palestine. In nationalistic Jewish circles it is described as anti-Semitism, but in all probability it is nothing but an exacerbated irritation with a people whom Englishmen do not understand and with whom they are nevertheless compelled to have daily intercourse. In any event there is a definite coolness not untinged with a certain amount of dislike. The worst of it is that this frigidity has been spreading outside Palestine as well. There is now, even in England, a certain amount of anti-Jewish feeling in official quarters which flows from the same Palestinian source. This is quite naturally increased by the perpetual protests against the Mandatory Power, by the cries of ‘betrayal,’ by the frequent anti-British demonstrations in Warsaw, Lodz, Kowno and New York, and by the inevitable outbursts at the Zionist Congresses.

The fact is that the Balfour Declaration was a triangular partnership between the Jews, Arabs, and the British, and it has failed in every one of its points, not only in respect to the relationship of the Arabs and the Jews. This is probably the secret reason for the extraordinary determination of Great Britain to terminate the Mandate. There is a tinge of irritation in the Palestine report which flows from sources of personal annoyance more than from purely altruistic motives. Like many another human friendship, that of the British and the Jews was in danger of being wrecked by a partnership, by the

forced intimacy and the petty squabbles over property interests which partnership brings with it. It is therefore better that the partnership should terminate than that the friendship should be broken. For that vague, somewhat romantic sympathy which the British have entertained for the Jews since the days of Puritan England, and the equally vague and romantic admiration which Jews have always entertained for the British is too precious to be broken even over a National Home. At the present critical moment in particular, when the enemies of the Jews are so many and their friends so few, this friendship is infinitely more important than any political partnership.

V.

The most important benefit of Palestine partition is the psychological effect which a definite settlement of the uncertain position in Palestine is likely to have on the Jews, themselves, particularly on the millions outside Palestine. One of the most disturbing features of latter-day Zionism has been the state of nervous tension in which it has kept a great portion of the Jewish world in the Diasporah. It is the nature of nationalism that its achievement is less harmful than its striving. The process of real building of a home for people is much less exciting and intoxicating than the fight for the so-called national right to sovereignty. Jewish nationalism, after the establishment of the Jewish State, is bound to slow down and lose much of its intensity and morbidity. This was true of every modern nationalist movement in Europe from the Polish to the Irish, and it will be true also of the Jewish.

The Jewish State will have one other effect of great significance for the Jews : it will deprive Zionism of much of the unhealthy romanticism which has done so much harm to the Jewish people by giving rise to exaggerated hopes. Palestine was going to provide a solution of the entire Jewish problem ! Realistic Zionist leaders, it is true, have constantly warned the people that Palestine, even before its division, was a small country which, at best could help only a small section of the Jewish people ; that the overwhelming majority of the Jews would always have to remain outside Palestine. But since the Nazi upheaval the despair of the Jewish position in Europe has

tended to silence this wise counsel. Claims have been made for Palestine which have been both untruthful and harmful. Not only German Jewry, but the millions of Jews in Poland, in Rumania, in the Baltic States, and wherever Jews were persecuted, were to find room in Palestine.

The indefiniteness of the Balfour Declaration and the uncertainty of the physical frontiers of the National Home helped to spread the dangerous legend. To the average Zionist the National Home was not a geographical fact which could be measured and appraised, but a mental concept elastic enough to embrace all Jewish needs, no matter how great. It meant the whole of Palestine, although everyone knew that there were Arabs there ; it meant Transjordania, the claim to which has never been renounced. It meant room for almost the entire seventeen million Jews. Under the circumstances, why worry about Jewish problems at home ? Anti-Semitism ? Fascism ? Restriction of Jewish civil rights ? Racial discrimination ? Pogroms ? There was one great and glorious solution for them all—Palestine. The result has been one of the greatest disservices ever rendered to the Jewish people—the neglect of their everyday realities in the various countries of their abode in favour of a dream, a dream as elusive, even if as beautiful as that of any opium-eater.

The partition of Palestine is bound to have a sobering effect on these dreamers and to bring them down to earth. But Zionism will not lose in intrinsic value on this account. Quite the contrary, it will gain in value because it will gain in truth. It will tend to become what it has always been at its best—a movement to rescue from persecution a few million Jews who are otherwise doomed to physical destruction, and to establish them constructively in a home of their own where they will not be subject to the will of others. To many nationalistic fanatics this may mean the collapse of an ideal, but, (provided, of course, that the frontiers of the proposed Jewish State will enable such rescue work to be carried out on a scale more or less commensurate with the great need), it is an aim big enough to live for and an ideal noble enough to inspire sane men and women to efforts and achievements not less great than that of nationalism at its best.

PALESTINE AND THE ARABS

BY H. M. NAHMAD.

IN its decision to carry out the recommendations of the Royal Commission of Enquiry, the British Government is hoping to solve a problem which has been baffling experts ever since the end of the Great War, and which has been the cause of years of disorder and unrest in Palestine. As is perhaps only natural, the Partition plan has aroused a great deal of opposition from Jews and Arabs alike ; the people who will be the first to feel its effects if and when it is put into operation. Certain of the Palestinian Arab leaders—who must be held primarily responsible for the unrest of the last few years—sought to show their opposition to the Plan in a somewhat forceful manner by embarking on a fresh campaign of terrorism and intimidation directed against not only Jews and Arabs, but against British high officials, culminating in the assassination of Mr. Andrews and one of his companions as they were leaving a church. The authorities acted promptly, exiled a number of prominent Arabs who were behind these acts of violence and deprived Haj Amin Husseini, the Mufti of Jerusalem, of the offices he held, besides declaring all Arab Nationalist organizations illegal bodies. At first the reaction of the Arab population was illuminating ; with the exception of the closing of some shops and the passing of resolutions of protest nothing untoward took place ; no large-scale strike or processions occurred to demonstrate the solidarity of Arab Nationalism in Palestine and sympathy with the exiled leaders ; all remained comparatively quiet and the dominant feeling throughout the country was that of relief.

The theory that racial hatred is partly to blame for the antagonism between Jew and Arab is an entirely erroneous one. Apart from the fact that both Jew and Arab are of Semitic stock, neither people has at any time set much store on the theory of

race purity. Islam—the religious faith of the majority of Arabs—does not recognize superiority of race or blood ; this is amply borne out in Islamic history. Religion to-day, as a driving force in the East, plays second fiddle to the all-powerful creed of nationalism ; of that Turkey and Iran are outstanding examples. The Mufti has tried on numerous occasions, with a zeal deserving of a worthier cause, to stir up Moslem fanaticism against the Jews by spreading false reports of their “ designs ” on Moslem holy places in Palestine. The Arabs, moreover, fear that the Jews in time will dominate them numerically and thrust them on to one side. This fear, in the light of recent statistics, is largely unfounded though, it must be admitted, not entirely unjustified, in view of the great number of Jewish victims of European anti-Semitism who are waiting to enter Palestine. It is up to the Zionists to erase that fear from the minds of the Arabs by tangible and concrete proposals for a settlement.

Many Arabs anxious for co-operation with the Jews have complained in the past that the arrogant attitude the immigrants have adopted towards them has made difficult the growth of spontaneous friendship between the two peoples. It is a just complaint. All too seldom have the Jews, in the pursuance of their own aims, gone out of their way to make a real acquaintance with the Arab, his civilization, his traditions and culture and his rich and eloquent language. They have been blind to the fact that the Jew and the Arab have much in common.

There is a tendency to regard the Arabs as one cohesive whole stretching in an unbroken line from North West Africa to the Persian Gulf ; with one culture and a common civilization ; either as a race of noble beings or perhaps as wandering nomadic tribes, lawless and wild with neither aim nor ambition. In truth the traditional tent-dweller of the deserts has little interest in and even less influence upon the destinies of his race, leaving that to his sophisticated town-dwelling brother.

Some of the Arab Nationalist leaders, with a strange *naïveté* would have us believe that the vast Arab world speaks with one voice. This is patently impossible since there is no organization or body that can justly claim to represent Arab opinion throughout the world. If that be so, then it is a remarkable

thing that there should be so great a volume of opposition from Arabs of standing and influence towards the Palestine policy of the Mufti and the now illegal Arab Higher Committee. There is no Kemal Ataturk, or no Reza Pehlevi to lead a united Arab people ; for there is no real unity in the first place nor any definite plan or programme, such as had the leaders of the Turkish and Iranian people. The late Saad Zagloul, the great Egyptian nationalist leader and hero, was that rarity among modern Arab leaders ; a first-class statesman, clear-visioned, whose aims were clear-cut and who knew well the limitations of his people and their country. Though he inspired the Arabs of neighbouring countries with his deeds, his courage and his high ideals, he worked for the independence of his own land, Egypt, and had behind him a united Egyptian people ; he was no preacher of either pan-Arabism or pan-Islamism.

The modern Arabic world embraces every shape of civilization, development and culture from the advanced radicalism of Westernized Syrians and Lebanese, whether in New York, Beirut or Cairo, to the biblical eye for an eye and tooth for a tooth teaching of the bedouin of the desert. In it the North African chieftain in his feudal mountain fastnesses rubs shoulders with the Wellsian and Shavian Arabic writers of modern Egypt. At one end of the scale is the reactionary and bigoted religious functionary of the Shia holy cities of Iraq with his superstition and intolerance ; at the other a famous savant like Professor Philip Hitti of Columbia University. With the exception of one mother-tongue—Arabic—these figures have little in common. Religion might be regarded as a bond, but there are Christian Arabs as well as Moslem, and many modern-minded Arabs are Moslem in name only.

To speak of one Arab race is equally misleading. The Egyptians are an Arabic people by virtue of their language, literature and customs, but they are not Arabs, although the blood of the early Arab conquerors is crossed with that of the original inhabitants. The modern Syrian Arabs are the outcome of the successful intermingling of Phoenician, Hebrew, Turkish, Circassian and Arab strains ; while those of Palestine are in the main the descendants of the ancient Canaanites reinforced by Arab stock from the Arabian desert in the South.

The peoples of North Africa are Arabic-speaking but in their veins flows the blood of a dozen races, Semitic and non-Semitic.

One of the causes of much heart-burning in Palestine, and another bone of contention between Zionists and Arabs, is the question of the intervention of outside Arab rulers. It is, of course, only natural and expected that the Arabs and Moslems should evince a deep interest in the affairs of their Palestinian brethren, but is very questionable whether outside interference, however well-intentioned, is going to improve matters; it can so easily set a precedent. Iraq is a case in point. After the findings of the Royal Commission had been made public, the Government of this infant State launched a violent attack on the Mandatory Power and the Jews, insisted on the British handing over Palestine to the Arabs and made it generally known that Iraq as champion of the Arab cause could in no wise countenance the plan of partition; she has lately adopted quite a different tone, influenced no doubt by Great Britain's action in exiling the Arab leaders from the Holy Land. The Iraqi Government is hardly in a position to order others to put their houses in order when it sanctions the cold-blooded massacre of thousands of Assyrians and Iraqi tribesmen.

Ibn Sa'ud, a man of practical vision and sound common sense, has counselled moderation to the Arabs of Palestine. The ruler of Saudi Arabia is the only independent Arab leader of to-day who matters; head and shoulders above the others, he is master in his own domains and has no desire, even had he the power, to assume the rôle of saviour to the Arab peoples. Moral support he will willingly give; but no more than that; he is a diplomat first and a soldier afterwards and has his hands well full in administering his barren and hard land. The Palestinian Arabs would do well, in their own interests, to realize that high-sounding talk of pan-Arabism or Arab imperialism is the empty rhetoric of coffee-house politicians. A federation of free Arab States might become a reality of the future—and a desirable one—but at present such vital problems as an agreement with the Jews, emancipation of the people, social reforms, education and the amelioration of the lot of the peasant must be always to the fore.

Arab Nationalism in its present form is of pre-war origin and had its growth in the days of the "Young Turk" movement when the Arabs were under Ottoman domination. After the war the Nationalist movement spread all over the Near and Middle East in its various forms and phases, having as its ultimate aim the complete emancipation of the Arabic peoples. The fruits of those early struggles can be seen to-day. Egypt, after having been bound to Great Britain for so long is to-day an independent State, though she has still to free herself completely from the humiliation of the capitulations. Iraq, a territory carved out of the old Ottoman Empire, has been helped on the road to independent nationhood by the hand of Great Britain, while in Arabia Ibn Sa'ud, by his progressive policy and his forceful, but tactful, methods has succeeded in welding a number of lawless and mutually antagonistic tribes into a law-abiding nation.

But when nationalism becomes the instrument of narrow partisanship, hatred and intolerance it is an evil and poisons the body of a nation, whether in the Orient or the Occident. Chauvinistic Arab nationalism in Palestine is the monopoly of a few influential families who see in it their own political aggrandizement. These people, of whom the Mufti and the exiled Arabs are the leaders, do not represent the growing volume of Arab moderate opinion in the country ; they represent themselves and their own extensive families. They see in an educated and enlightened Arab population a threat to their prestige and continued domination of the peasantry.

Moderate opinion in the Holy Land—whether among Jews or Arabs—is a thing all too rare. Arabs of influence and position who have had the temerity to advocate publicly co-operation with the Jews and to oppose the policy of the Arab Higher Committee, have paid with their lives, have been shot down in broad daylight and even murdered in their own homes by terrorists. Other Arabs were afraid to come into the open for fear of an untimely death at the hands of the Mufti's organized gangsters. Many of the smaller merchants intimidated by the gunmen sought protection from the Government and when it was not forthcoming organized their own defence parties. During the Arab strike in 1936, those Arab business men who refused to

contribute further to the strike fund were threatened with violence and ruination ; these threats were all too often carried out. These are a few of the deeds of those who profess to have the interests of the fellahin at heart and who would protect the peasants from the "exploitation" of the Jews.

Yet all through the disturbances there were Arabs and Jews who worked in harmony side by side. The Arab workers of Haifa refused to go on strike at the behest of the Arab Higher Committee and numerous cases are on record in which Arabs conducted hundreds of Jews out of the danger-zones to safety. Given the chance and encouragement these two peoples will—and can—work and live together in perfect amity. Through co-operation with the Jews the Arabs can gain much and will in the end realize their own aspirations.

The future is uncertain. The belated action of the British Administration in taking stern measures with the ringleaders of the terrorists has in part restored the confidence of the population in Great Britain, but unless and until this is immediately followed up by a drastic change in the personnel of the Palestine Government and the impeachment of the guilty parties—the exiled leaders are only a few out of many—the country will know no peace.

EBB AND FLOW.

BY STEPHEN GWYNN.

HERR HITLER does not often say in public anything that he has not shouted a hundred times before, yet on October 3rd, speaking at the Harvest Thanksgiving to more than a million farmers and farm labourers, he put a searching question and gave a notable answer. Why was it that in countries crammed with gold and securities, currencies were collapsing, while in Germany “where no gold or *Devisen* stood behind the mark, the mark remained stable? Because, he answered, work stood behind the mark, and work was the safest currency, as it was the safest cover for a currency. The problem of the German currency . . . was a problem of putting men in work.” These remarks were clearly aimed at the situation in France, and they are certainly the most formidable challenge that dictatorship can address to democracy. Advantage in a military sense does not indicate a moral superiority or a higher grade of civilization. But if dictatorship can check gambling on the Stock Exchange, it gives a decency and a stability to other national life which is lacking in France, and even more conspicuously lacking in the United States. No nation was ever so rich as the United States in 1928 and within three years they were a nation of bankrupts, because of the universal frantic desire to get rich without working. There, no ulterior motive lay behind; there was merely an insane thirst for acquisition. In France, speculation is a national vice, closely connected with the national virtue of thrift, which makes all Frenchmen ceaselessly preoccupied with investment. But in France, speculation links itself closely to politics, and it looks very much as if Frenchmen, opposed to the Government, were attacking the franc in order to bring the Government down—in the last resort, because the Government has attempted to ensure

**Democracy
Challenged**

that labour shall get a fairer proportion of what is gained by work. It is not certain that some recent fluctuations in the United States may not be due to a similar political cause. But in France the case is clear. Naturally, every enemy of France joins in the attack, but the French are rich enough to protect their own currency from outside assailants. They are in real danger when their own citizens use the freedom of individual action which democracy affords to employ their money power in such a way as to set the whole fabric rocking. If that can occur with impunity to those responsible in a democracy, then the dictatorships, where speculation is strictly controlled, have a decisive advantage, and Herr Hitler's taunt strikes home. It is fair to say that the British democracy can read his observation, and not feel their own withers wrung. The fault is not in the democratic principle; but democracy exacts more working patriotism than is needed in a State without personal freedom. On the money side of patriotism, the French fall short.

One does not hear of similar fluctuations in the Czech currency, though that also is a democratic State, full of great industrial enterprises. This may be only because we know far too little

about a country which has vital importance for
all Europe. The *Central European Observer*, a
fortnightly review issued from Prague, did well
to give us in full the speeches delivered at Masaryk's obsequies
by his successor and closest colleague Dr. Benesh and by the
Prime Minister, Dr. Hodza. They make curious reading.
Geneva has produced an international jargon like that of science,
and its terms are adopted in all the languages that no Western
European knows—except Professor Seton Watson. "Ideology"
is one of the most current examples. But the Czechs, profoundly
influenced by their great leader and "awakener" who was by
profession a professor of philosophy, outdo all others in their
cult of political metaphysics. Here is how Dr. Benesh speaks of
Masaryk.

"Humanitarian democracy as a cultivated social and political system
is for him no mere theory, system of thought and theses on schematic
institutions."

One rubs one's eyes and asks what the Czech democracy made
of such a passage in the funeral oration. How did Masaryk
convey his real thought in Czech to the Czechs? But Dr.

Benesh tells us. "Masaryk's answer to all the questions of the disturbed Europe of to-day was—*Jesus, not Caesar*." That was plain to the simplest, and his life bore it out. He was the head, it is true, of an armed democracy ; this life-long student was a man among men. To the end of his eighty-seven years, he rode (a writer in *The Times* so phrased it), "as a man should ride." The son of a coachman had something to be thankful for in his early beginnings that trained him to this valiancy, which must certainly have been worth much when the philosopher had to create an army out of a people who had been largely helots. It was an element in his fitness for leadership. But the final significant proof of his worth as a leader is emphasized by Dr. Hodza. Masaryk had been an incarnation of the State no less than Mussolini is—or Hitler. Yet when the time came, he was able to withdraw his hand and show his trust in his fellow-workers and his people. "Among all the heads of countries throughout the world," Dr. Hodza says, "he was the only one who could allow himself to say, 'If God will, I will look on for a while to see how you manage.'" For two years and a half he had the reward of seeing his work stand ; and he could die confident in its future ; his death has confirmed the edifice rather than shaken it. Who believes that Hitler could do this ? or Mussolini ?

It is the concern of democracy everywhere that Masaryk's work shall stand. It is the concern in the first instance of his people, and not many of us know much about them. I myself know only one man (with his wife and comrade), and quieter, more unassuming folk I have not met. But the man had been an officer in the Czech Legion that fought its way through Russia, and details of that Anabasis which he related to me were significant of the temper that animated the whole. Yet one phrase, dropped casually by him when there was talk of an attack on Czechoslovakia's freedom, summed it all up. "We are very tough." That is one of the guarantees for the survival of democracy in a Europe where democracy is menaced in its very principles. The value of the Little Entente to Europe lies precisely in the fact that the nations composing it are in the main Slav, but Slavs westernized as Russia is not. And of those nations Czechoslovakia is by far the nearest to all that

France and England stand for : and, owing to Masaryk's own personal preferences and associations, specially near to England. It is as Mr. Robert Machray emphasized in the last number of this Review one of the chief "elements of European consolidation."

The State which Masaryk created has been throughout a pillar of the League of Nations—acting no doubt in obedience to its plain interest, but also in obedience to all the principles

The League's Shortcomings that Masaryk stood for. Unhappily the law of self-preservation has made Czechoslovakia also a chief obstacle to one of the purposes which the League ought to have pursued. For if one thing is more desirable than another for the peace of Europe, it is that the relations between Czechoslovakia and Hungary—each of them fit for leadership in that quarter of Europe—should be relations of mutual support. But in the post-War settlement Hungary suffered mutilation to a point that offends all conception of justice, and the League has made no serious attempt to allay that rankling sore. No one who realizes the situation created when old boundaries are changed, and new boundaries imposed, will deny the appalling difficulty of any useful intervention. A proposal to re-transfer one parish anywhere is enough to bring out the machine-guns ; and the League's right even to suggest any readjustment is not clearly defined. But it had and it has the right to see that provisions for the treatment of minorities are faithfully observed ; and this case of Hungary, in which a fourth of the people whose nationality was clearly defined by language were forced under alien rule, called for the closest and most particular supervision. It has never had it. There are indications that the States concerned begin, for the sake of their own safety and well being, to attempt some improvement. Earlier in the history of these troubled years, the League's authority might have usefully supported such a process. Now, it may easily be argued that even an expression of its wish would be resented as an attempt at dictation ; and that it can help best by doing nothing, unless—which is highly improbable—its assistance were sought by both sides.

Yet in a recent instance France and Turkey were glad to

employ assistance of this kind. The League's existence certainly made a settlement easier. Nobody denies the useful function which Geneva may fulfil for those who are willing to turn there. But at the present moment, all the world is much more disposed to dwell on Geneva's failure to exercise any authority or even influence over those States which desire to disregard the principles that Geneva stands for. A good many, even of those who are well disposed to the League, think that it would be better that the League should formally renounce all claim to regulate the action of its members, and should explicitly limit itself to affording a meeting-place for friendly discussion.

This would be a disaster and a desertion. In the history of a nation, claims may be disregarded and overborne, but if the claim is resolutely maintained, history shows many examples where persistence has been justified by success. Or, to put it in another way, the world of European civilization attempted to set up at Geneva a parliament of the nations. It has been challenged by violence; the forces which it might have exercised have been weakened or divided by failure of its members—one yielding to the consideration of individual interest, another to fear, and so on. But it happened so in many national parliaments, and yet in parliament after parliament the latent claim was asserted and made good. At the present moment, the name of parliament is not greatly respected; blatant challenges to the talking-shops are heard on all the loud-speakers; speech is to be for pronouncement, not for discussion. None the less the freedom of nations is bound up with the principle which parliament embodies; and every day it becomes clearer that unless one can extend that principle much further, we shall come under the tyranny of brute force, disguised to some small degree by mass-hypnotism. It is no time for the League to give up anything.

European civilization is the civilization of the European race, and President Roosevelt's notable utterance shows that this civilization, even where it felt itself most secure from any

**Japan's
Challenge** danger of aggression, is aware of a challenge that it cannot disregard. Japan's action tramples on all the barriers that civilization had sought to erect against unscrupulous and arbitrary force. President

Roosevelt, when he talks of a "quarantine," plainly suggests a breaking-off of intercourse with Japan, in which European civilization should act together. It is unlikely that the United States would accept a mandate from the League to impose "sanctions" such as were imposed against Italy. But it is certain that, if the United States entered into concerted action with other Great Powers, a verdict issued by the League declaring Japan guilty of criminal aggression would have great importance for America and for the world. Thus it is possible that the League, using its right to claim help for one of its member States, may assist in bringing about powerful intervention.

Unless an extraordinary combination of power is available, such intervention will not and should not be risked. Japan can inflict terrible damage. If, as is more than possible, an attempt to impose such quarantine should be treated by her as a *casus belli*, Shanghai is under her guns. There, the attack would be on all the great European Powers. But Hongkong is a British possession and an article in this *Review* of last month gave a vivid picture of what is at stake there. Nothing less than the support of a combination whose weight, moral and material, would be overwhelming could justify a British government in exposing Hongkong to what might have to be faced.

But we seem to have reached a point at which the arrogance of force has to be resisted. Submission in the East will mean submission in the West. Patience has stretched far, and undoubtedly it will be hard for Japan to check her army and her navy. Yet the Japanese General Staff must be aware that the attempt to produce a sudden collapse in China has failed; and President Roosevelt's utterance, and its reception in Europe, will stiffen resistance. In a contest with a China that fights, two redoubtable enemies are against Japan—space and time. And if "quarantine" is imposed, and submitted to, there will be a mass of new difficulties to encounter in her campaign. If it is not submitted to, the consequences may be even more serious than any soldier or sailor will care to face—above all, serious for Japan.

The dictatorships lost no time in expressing their approval of Japan with the same fervour as they have denounced the

League of Nations. It would be singular if the result of Japan's action were to bring the League once more into a position not only of authority but of power.

For there is no doubt that we are in sight of remarkable developments. Organized civilization may put a check on the violent advance of sheer militarism, by a display of the power

The Grim Alternatives to organize resistance. Or there may be war, arising from the clash between the will to aggression and the will to resist aggression. Or again, there may be a general surrender; after which, probably, war will have to be faced in less hopeful conditions.

If we had nothing to rely on but moral fervour and righteous indignation, few could be very hopeful. But the interests of the United States no less than the interests of Europe are menaced by Japan's attempt to impose her domination on China. Moreover, the United States is possessed by a strong determination to keep out of European quarrels. What happens on the other shore of the Atlantic is not to be their affair. That determination does not apply, however, to what happens on the seaboard of the Pacific. More important still, the United States' action is not restrained by thought of what may follow in other parts of America—North or South. Those in Europe who oppose Japan's action have to consider whether, if they are called on to send their forces East as a consequence of imposing "quarantine," they may not be faced with acts of aggression much nearer home. This risk is so obvious that unless moral indignation and a sense of threatened national injury move the United States to commit itself fully to joint action, no action against Japan could be undertaken by Europe. Even if it be undertaken, Great Britain and France, and those who may act with them, have to face the possibility of other conflicts in which they cannot count on support from the United States. These Powers, therefore, have a grave decision to make—and the gravest is for Great Britain.

At such a time, we think inevitably of leadership and Mr. Chamberlain made his first appearance as leader before the

party assembly of his own party. One missed the quality of personal distinction and charm felt in all Mr. Baldwin's utterances. That charm however often masked the lack of fitness for coherent action.

National Cohesion Mr. Chamberlain is no less cautious in speech than his predecessor, but the caution has a different quality. Mr. Churchill speaking at the same assemblage, paid a glowing tribute to Mr. Eden. Mr. Chamberlain, without reference to Mr. Churchill's utterance, spoke an even more emphatic commendation. He said nothing at all about Signor Mussolini. Without disparaging Mr. Eden, it is probable that the praise of his character and abilities would not have been so emphasized, had it not been a convenient way of saying that Mr. Eden's utterances on behalf of Great Britain would not for a second time be set aside. The country at large takes Mr. Eden for a man who desires to see England ready to fight for a cause of international justice in which England's interest is not directly concerned—because in his judgment this is the only way to peace. Mr. Chamberlain says that the Government is solid behind Mr. Eden.

Labour gatherings have made it clear, among many confusions, that representative of British Labour are, nine-tenths of them, ready to uphold the same view. On neither side in England is there evident a superman in the making, nor is there any desire for a superman on either side. But plainly enough a powerful war ministry representing the whole nation could be formed at very short notice.—One thing that will consolidate national effort is the news that the Japanese have used gas in their campaign of frightfulness. Both sides in Spain have, it seems to me, been aware how much feeling, reasonably and unreasonably, would arise against the side which brought back this horror into European war.

Something like twenty years ago one of the young assured me that undergraduates (at least in Dublin) read Browning passionately, just as the late Victorians did. I wonder if that

The Appeal of Browning still is true; and if not, whom do they read? Are Yeats and Bridges and Masefield quoted as readily as "Men and Women" or "Dramatic Lyrics" used to be? The people who wrote for the "Yellow

Book"—Henry Harland, for instance (what a delightful writer in his "Cardinal's Snuffbox") knew their Browning as they would have scorned to know (or admit they knew) their Tennyson. For my own part I could never come to as clear assurance about Browning as I did about the best in Tennyson. "Ulysses" seems to me indisputably marked for lasting: but what about "Caliban upon Setebos" and "The Cardinal orders his Tomb at St. Praxed's?" Yet how vivid these things are! What a grip they keep on memory, with no music to help them! The lyrics proper, "A Toccata of Galuppi's," "The Last Ride Together" and the rest seem to me just as fresh as when I first read them—as we all did. But then there is the question of Browning in bulk, and even in the eighties and nineties not many of us really tackled "The Ring and the Book." That comes from a different Browning. It is not a question of age; the singing voice never died out with him any more than it did with Tennyson; very little is more characteristic of either than Tennyson's "Crossing the Bar" or Browning's "Prospice" ("Fear death: to feel the fog in my eyes, the mist in my throat") both were written when death was only a few doors off. But there was a Browning who wrote something like very long modern novels in something that had the form but not the essence of verse. He interested us, but he never really got hold of us.

Yet this is the Browning whom we have to do with, if we read a very curious correspondence that has just been edited for publication by Mr. Richard Curle. Julia Wedgwood was a

A Quaint Friendship lady of thirty who came to know Browning in London when he was fifty-one—two years and a half after Mrs. Browning's death. She was an able and attractive woman, and a devoted student of his work, "You were an old friend to me long before I saw you," she writes in the first of many letters which passed between them. The friendship began when she was under strong emotion, caused by the mortal illness of her brother: and she went for sympathy to one whose own "unparalleled loss" might make him tender to those threatened with even "a lighter form" of separation by death. It is clear from the letters that she talked much to him about his wife, and that he was willing to draw on his own

experience of loss for what consolation he could find in it to offer. Inevitably a sentimental tinge was cast over the whole correspondence ; she was told that she would have been the perfect friend for Mrs. Browning. Such an exchange of sympathies often ends in another form of consolation ; she desired this ; he did not ; and she broke off the repeated visits and exchange of letters—there was no breach of friendship ; they had played fair with each other. After two years, his “Ring and the Book” was ready to appear, he had promised she should be the first to see it, and he wrote asking leave to send it. So the letters began again, but now almost entirely concerned with discussion of his poem. She praises him for having painted a lily, attacks him for having set it growing on a monstrous dung-heap. He justifies his preoccupation with the various forms of evil. It all has interest. But, as we knew before, Browning, when he took pen in hand to write letters, went through contortions of utterance even stranger than when he used the pen to make verse. His letters have character, not charm. Yet his references to “my dear old Landor” are delightful. And this story. “Mrs. Landor called to-day. You never let her in! I should let a dog in, having your name on its collar! “Oh, a dog! Good. But a —— !”—There are things about Tennyson also, friendly and generous. One values the book for them ; and nothing in it disparages the memory either of Browning or of the lady whose friendship he valued so highly during six years and whose last letter to him is signed “yours very affectionately.” But it shows the man in an embarrassing position, for (as she insists repeatedly) the advances to intimate friendship were all made by her, and he has to walk precariously on the edge of platonics, until the break comes. I cannot help feeling that, whatever the lady might have wished, he would have hated to see these letters given to the world. Still, I should have felt the same, only more strongly, about his love letters to his wife and hers to him ; and I suppose the world thinks it had a right to get those, and therefore these.

THE FORTNIGHTLY LIBRARY

MEN AND MEMORIES

By LORD ESHER

MEN AND THINGS, by J. A. Spender.
Cassell. 10s. 6d.

GREAT CONTEMPORARIES, by
Winston S. Churchill. Thornton
Butterworth. 21s.

MOMENTS OF MEMORY, by Herbert
Asquith. Hutchinson. 18s.

In the romantic Victorian era the writing of biography was an easy task. It is much less difficult to create a legend than to tell the truth, and in those days small and smugly prosperous public men were eager to lap up illusions, to receive uncritically the impression that their great men were indeed the heroes they desired them to be. To-day a vast crowd of cynical readers demand the truth however unpleasant, and the author, whether he writes of others or of himself, is asked to tell us what his subject was "really like."

Mr. Spender will not satisfy that demand. He has written a very pleasant book, discursive and entertaining, the serene observation of a man retired from active life, whose wisdom is tinged not with boredom but with indifference. The Liberal attitude to life, based on compromise and moderation, has no place in the modern world. Mr. Spender deplores "the dreadful certitudes which have worked such havoc in human history." He denies

that there is "something called the truth" and maintains "the fundamental assumption that government is an art and not a science." On no account must we pass "the boundary between the things that can and the things that cannot be settled by argument and reason." In his view law and order are essential to democracy,

and we must be "content with the changes that can be grafted on to the existing parent stems." Business must be carried on as usual while the structure is being repaired." How these obsolete phrases recall a vanished world that believed in Tennysonian progress! They have an antique charm that exercises a mild persuasion over the mind, but they have no genuine message for these turbulent times. If these are the only pills that Mr. Spender can produce to purge our melancholy, they can hardly be called explosive. In these days the civilized doctrines of Liberalism cannot be asserted with any boldness, but only murmured with tentative apology. Sadly Mr. Spender tries to keep his balance in a rocking and a mocking world. "There are all sorts of things which Shaw can say and be thought very bright and amusing; whereas if I were to say them, I should lose any little reputation I might have as a man of common sense engaged in practical affairs." It is not surprising therefore, that when Mr. Spender turns from "things" to "men," his delightful appreciations of Lord Grey, Lord Haldane, Lord Knollys, Lord Esher, Sir Alfred Keogh and Mr. Myron Herrick, should be undisturbed by post-Strachian shadows.

Mr. Winston Churchill does not suffer from the disabilities of Liberalism, nor does he feel ill at ease in a violent world. Short biographical studies in the manner of Plutarch require skilful concentration of material combined with brilliance of style if they are to be effective. No living writer is more capable of such a combination than

Mr. Churchill. He possesses, no doubt, the initial advantage of having personally known the Great Contemporaries about whom he writes. On the other hand his readers know a good deal about them too, and in every case he has succeeded in throwing some new light upon his subject, humanizing without destroying their greatness. Mr. Churchill, unfortunately, is a politician as well as a man of letters, and, although all historians display a bias in their opinions, he naturally allows himself more freedom to indulge his prejudices than would a more sober University professor. But, although no attempt is made to soften the iron outlines of Communism and National-Socialism into "interesting experiments," the author does not fall into the futility of pretending that men like Herr Hitler can rise to the leadership of seventy million Germans without great gifts of mind and character. Indeed, Mr. Churchill gives the impression that it is his constant endeavour to tell the truth, to draw aside the curtain no corner of which is ever lifted by an official biographer, and to expose the essential personality of the great man with whom he is dealing. The result is a fascinating book. By no means does its candour tarnish reputation nor diminish the stature of his great contemporaries. On the contrary Mr. Churchill's capacity for suggesting the wide sweep of events, his imaginative grasp of the pattern of his time, add glamour to the careful detail of his portraits.

Mr. Herbert Asquith's *Moments of Memory* makes a different appeal; a contrast in style and treatment. There

are mistakes in it. The Carnarvon villa at Porto Fino does not look out upon Lerici. Peerages were actually offered by the Liberal Government to the members on Mr. Asquith's list during the House of Lords crisis. Such things are of small importance. The charm of this book lies in two things: the modesty with which the author describes his experiences of the war, in which his record was so distinguished, and the delicate and affectionate touches that he adds to the portrait of his father already drawn by so many hands. Lord Oxford "never shewed any inclination to interfere with the freedom of his children; on the contrary, his attitude was usually one of mellow and spacious indulgence." He was rewarded by a remarkable family. Like most great men he owed much to his mother, and Mr. Asquith writes that "many who knew her, thought that it was from her that my father inherited his gift for expression and perhaps also something of his intellectual strength, and the judicial quality of his mind. Lord Oxford was the finest product of civilized Liberalism, the type destroyed by the war. "His character, like his mind, was moulded on large lines; it had a grand simplicity which excluded by its nature anything that was small or mean. Those who knew him best thought that apart from the power of his intellect his most prominent qualities were generosity, kindness and magnanimity." Those who study Mr. Asquith's portrait of his father will be inclined to sympathize with Mr. Spender's regrets.

CHINA UNITED

By SIR FREDERICK WHYTE, K.C.S.I.

RED STAR OVER CHINA, by Edgar Snow. *Gollancz*. 18s.

CHINA AT THE CROSS-ROADS, by Madame Chiang Kai-shek. *Faber*. 7s. 6d.

RISIS IN CHINA, by James Bertram. *Macmillan*. 10s. 6d.

The feud between Nanking and the Chinese Communists was bitter and bloody. Between 1933 and 1936, General Chiang Kai-shek conducted two separate campaigns against the Red Armies, first in Kiangsi, then in Szechuan and finally in the North-West, all of them real warfare when compared with the earlier campaigns of the period of the Tuchuns. The remarkable thing about the movement which thus resisted every attempt to suppress it was that very little was known about it. The Nanking blockade of the Communist position in Kiangsi prevented authentic news from reaching the outer world, and even after the Red Armies had eluded their formidable besiegers and executed their miraculous Long March from Kiangsi to Shensi, information still remained scanty and unreliable. One thing, however, was clear. The Kiangsi and Oyüwan (Hupeh Anhwei Honan) Soviets were fundamentally a Chinese creation, inspired no doubt by the major example of Moscow, but relying mainly on their own personnel and resources, it being a remarkable fact that the only foreign adviser who co-operated actively with the Red Armies during the campaigns of 1933-36 was, not a Russian, but the ex-Prussian officer whose Chinese name was Li Teh. External contacts were therefore few; and, although the

Soviet Union must have had reliable information of the varying fortunes of Chinese Communism, the world outside remained in comparative ignorance until Mr. Edgar Snow entered the Soviet area of the North-West and emerged with the material for one of the most striking books that has been written about China since the Revolution began.

Mr. Snow, by birth an American, by calling a journalist, had spent seven years in China as a newspaper correspondent when he realized that, while it was difficult to find the right answer to any question in Chinese politics, there was one question which could not be answered at all—what is Red China? He determined to go and find it. It had not been found: it was worth seeking, and when found would make the professional fortune of its discoverer. Mr. Snow left Peking in June, 1936, and returned with his answer by Christmas. The book which he has written may therefore justly be called original. He went to the authentic source for his material, lived with the Reds in Shensi for four months, conversed daily with the redoubtable Mao Tse-tung, saw the Red Armies of Chu Teh, Chou En-lai and Lin Piao in being, and both by the manner of his entry into and his exit from the Soviet region of the North-West provided himself with a lively story to tell. But his personal experiences, exciting as they manifestly were, pale into insignificance beside the epic story of the Red Army and the profoundly interesting account which he gives of the life of Red China.

Now, Mr. Snow is a journalist. Not everything that he says will bear cold-blooded examination. He had, at times, to depend on the notoriously treacherous medium of an interpreter. He had to take on faith the story of the March from Kiangsi, and he strains our credulity when he asserts that the Red Armies covered 6,000 miles in 368 days at the average rate of 24 miles a day, besides fighting battles and occupying over sixty cities. But, after we have challenged some of his statements, and made allowances for his acceptance of much of the Soviet case at its own valuation, he remains a compelling witness to the indomitable quality of the Red movement and to the nature of its essential purpose. The movement, be it remembered is not that of Moscow in Russian conditions. It is Chinese, the blend of a typical agrarian rising with Communism as its name and theoretical inspiration. Ruthless, but none the less constructive, brutal, but not so inhuman as its much-advertised excesses make it appear, it has within it elements of promise which account for its appeal to so many in China. It possesses, moreover, an inner core of Chinese patriotism which has brought it into line with all other organized bodies of Chinese opinion in a determined resistance to Japan, with the slogan "Chinese must not fight Chinese."

This union of hitherto discordant elements in China is one of the miracles wrought by the appeal of Chinese unity and patriotism, in the hour of danger. Thus the power of Japan completes what Chinese nationalism began. You can see the powerful and inspiring process at work, not only in the last chapters of Mr. Snow's book, but in the other two volumes here under notice. Madame Chiang and Mr. Bertram are mainly concerned with the causes and the results of the capture of General Chiang Kai-shek at Sianfu last December. No one can read *China at the Cross-Roads* without sharing the poignant feelings of Madame Chiang while her husband was a prisoner in

Siak at the mercy of enemies whose purpose was dark and uncertain. No will he read long without admiration of the courage and coolness of the "first lady" in China whose daring descent from a 'plane into the enemy camp did more than anything else to bring everyone to their senses. Her book must be read by everyone interested in China, and who is not today? But, even so authoritative an account of that fortnight in December 1936, as she can give requires the complement of Mr. Bertram's book which tells the story from the other side. Placed together, Madame Chiang and Mr. Bertram throw light on a situation otherwise inexplicable to the non-Chinese onlooker. He makes the indefensible appear defensible, not by making the worse appear the better reason, but by giving full publicity to much that was suppressed by a rigorous censorship during the crisis. He puts the case for the Young Marshal, Chiang Hsueh-liang, in too favourable a light perhaps, but he argues it with such personal conviction and with so much important evidence that his book must stand as part of the record of a memorable time.

THE SPIRIT OF PARIS, by Paul Cohen-Portheim. *Batsford*, 7s. 6d.

The late Paul Cohen-Portheim was by birth an Austrian Jew who, nevertheless, was so little of a cosmopolitan *déraciné* that his interpretations of England and France, where he lived at alternate periods, are recognized as unsurpassed. Here is the companion book to his *Spirit of London*, another masterpiece of portraiture fittingly garnished with 134 first-class photographic illustrations. The latter depict not merely streets, parks, gardens, buildings, but also capture typical scenes from every quarter of the French and cosmopolitan capital.

The author was equally at home with students, artists, workmen or bourgeois. Nobody who has ever succumbed to the charm of Paris should be without this memento. W.H.C.

R DEFENCE AND THE CIVIL POPULATION, by H. Montgomery Hyde and G. R. Falkiner Nuttall. *The Cresset Press.* 12s. 6d.

WINGED WARFARE, by Squadron-Leader E. J. Kingston-McCloughry. *Cape.* 10s. 6d.

This country, centre of a coveted empire, is far more vulnerable to the new weapon, air power, than any far-by Great Power; yet it is in measures for making itself less vulnerable to air attack that this country lags farthest behind others. Great Britain spending £1,500,000,000 on rearmament, yet its essential safeguards are neglected. For these reasons *Air Defence and the Civil Population* is a really important book, and all intelligent men and women should make haste to read it. It states clearly the various problems involved in lessening the vulnerability of cities to those bombers that may get through, summarizes briefly the publications of the Air Raid Precautions Department, as well as some of the measures already taken abroad, and gives a whole set of commonsense suggestions. The difficulties exposed by the well-known experiments of the Cambridge Scientists anti-War Group are reasonably well treated.

But the statements in this book could not be accepted uncritically; indeed in one way it is highly misleading. Its authors have not had the courage to criticize the Government for its neglect of home front defence, so that the dangerously false impression given that the measures recommended are well under way. The Home Office's excellent proposals for increasing the fire-fighting services are summarized, but there is not a word to remind the reader that many local authorities are doing nothing about it, because the Government has still not announced what part of the cost will bear. Again, although the authors show that dispersed storage of oil on a considerable scale is now indispensable to this country, they have dared to draw attention to the

gravity of this Government's failure even yet (October, 1937) to decide, even in principle, to store food.

But the weakest section of their book is the first eighty pages, whose aim is presumably to show just how essential "passive defence" now is. For one thing, they contain the gratuitously false statement that in the Spanish war poison gas "has been used by both sides." (Readers must not let this put them off the constructive part of the book, in which the facts are amply documented). The authors also subscribe (on p. 8) to the fallacy that—even for an exceptionally vulnerable country—"the best means of defence is offence." Until this fallacy ceases to be the orthodoxy, until priority is given to home front defences over means of long-range destruction, the cities of Great Britain will remain a standing temptation to aggression.

Finally, this book is far too expensive. Since it ought to be read very widely, will—not the authors and publisher consider a cheap edition? It should consist of pp. 82—239, with a short introduction showing the urgency of safeguarding the home front and a few additions showing how far behindhand the British Government has fallen in this, the most vital part of modern defence.

Squadron-Leader Kingston-McCloughry is an experienced flying officer, and *Winged Warfare* is a collection of essays written by him at various times on such subjects as the use of air power on the Western Front from 1914 to 1918, the effects of air power in the Mediterranean, air power and imperial defence, empire policing by air, and the art of air navigation. Most of them are intelligent, frank, balanced and all too topical—especially the essay called "the Mediterranean To-day," which leaves me once more marvelling at the blindness of those British patriots who have encouraged Franco and his backers.

But the author also subscribes to the doctrine that "the only true means of air defence is to assume the offensive and continuously, by night and day, to strike at the enemy's vital points in as

great a strength as possible,"—and this although he admits that "Great Britain is particularly vulnerable to such attack." This country's chief problem to-day is precisely to develop a means of air defence other than the counter-attack, in which our disadvantage is for geographical reasons patent and permanent.

JONATHAN GRIFFIN.

OLIVER CROMWELL, by Maurice Ashley. *Cape.* 12s. 6d.

THE PASSING OF THE STEWARTS, by Agnes Mure Mackenzie. *Maclehose.* 12s. 6d.

What really is Oliver Cromwell's place in history? Is he a deplorable incident, a vulgar interruption in the polite succession of kings who with their favourites and mistresses have ruled England, or is he one of those forces which appear at intervals to uplift the earth and roll it in another course?

Mr. Maurice Ashley in his thoughtful study inclines to the latter view, though with reservations. He is kind to Oliver as a man. He does not omit the usual tiresome description by a courtier of the country Member's appearance, including the speck or two of blood on his band. (Poor Oliver has paid dearly for that hasty shave.) But he holds that in "the well-bred country gentleman there was no strain of that curious vulgarity which lay so near the surface in the first Napoleon." He rather shudders at the bit of fun which occasionally enlivened the anxious life of a commander, like the sight of a stalwart Ironside with his head fixed in an upturned churn. But, after all, even George Washington, whose breeding no one disputes, could roll on the ground with laughter at the unlucky plight of two friends.

The book is a valuable contribution to the problem of assessing the true place of the Protector. It is distinguished by the author's discussion of Cromwell's economic policy, a field in which he can claim to speak with authority. That Cromwell struggled with money difficulties in the public

service from his earliest command known to everyone, and his difficulties did not decrease as his power grew.

Mr. Ashley's main support for styling the Protector a dictator centres on his encounters with his parliaments. On the surface he may be accused of anger, impatience, but a just verdict surely turns upon what Cromwell hoped to do. His tolerance is appreciated in our age, while his desire to establish something like the Kingdom of God on earth is not yet both reveal the man. The cry after Dunbar discloses his vision.

"Relieve the oppressed, reform the abuses of all professions . . . then besides the benefit of England shall feel thereby, you shall shew forth to other Nations, who shall emulat the glory of such a pattern, and through the power of God turn in to do the like."

And the rueful "constable set to keep the peace of the Parish," registers disillusionment. But the failure, felt, lay with the men who, while well meaning, would not work with him to make the vision a reality.

One mistake may be noted regarding the Protector's family. Bridget did not live to be seventy-two. She died in 1662.

The Passing of the Stewarts, by Miss Agnes Mure Mackenzie, is an exciting book. Brilliantly written, it leads panting Sassenach swiftly through the mazes of Scottish partisan history from the National Covenant to the farewell to Bonnie Prince Charlie. It would be a model of how history can be written, if only it were more reliable. But its repellent presentation of Covenanters shows its author to be patriotic but merely partisan in her loyalties. The sack of Aberdeen, the friendly town, by Montrose's troops, passed over and excused on the grounds of his humane anger at the killing of a drummer-boy. The massacre at Philliphaugh, the reprisal for Aberdeen, by the party that Miss Mackenzie dislikes, is described in gruesome detail.

There is romantic pathos in the story of fallen greatness, but this should not deflect one's judgment concerning important issues. The Stewarts, as the author's spelling which may be authoritative, passed from his

because they were temperamentally incapable of developing with an age in which paternal rule was giving way to constitutionalism. And, despite her championship of the harebrained adventure of the '45, she seems to acquiesce in the final result, for her genealogical chart subscribes the prayer, "whom may God preserve," under the name of the present most constitutional monarch, His Majesty, George VI.

G. E. ALTREE COLEY.

A HUNDRED YEARS OF MECHANICAL ENGINEERING, by Edward Cressy. Duckworth. 15s.

Mr. Cressy has produced a book which is remarkable in that he has covered a very complex subject carefully with a wealth of detail, and at the same time made it readable for the layman as well as the professional engineer. Not the least among its good points is the manner in which he has restrained the natural instinct of an engineer to enlarge an explanation by use of technical data. Some data are, of course, unavoidable if a reasonable description is to be given as to how a machine works or where an improvement has been made, but this has been so well presented that the narrative is uninterrupted by the appearance of formidable formulae. The illustrations chosen are excellent and in themselves present a record of achievements of which any Mechanical Engineer may be proud.

The book is well arranged in three parts. Part I. leads off, rightly, with Watt. But it should be remembered that the real forerunners of the mechanical engineer were the founder and the smith. The progress made in the use of the materials available at the time of Watt and the improvement in the materials themselves during the following 100 years, particularly in the latter part of that time, had been one of the outstanding features of the period. In Part II. this is set forth, but with rather too little emphasis on the great strides made in foundry practice and rather too much on the die-casting, a branch which is severely limited by the materials available.

Part III. covers a wide range and it is doubtful if any practising engineer in a particular section would be entirely satisfied with the description or the range allotted to his branch. Even so, it is difficult to see how more information could be packed into the space available, and in these days of specializing, it is good to find in so compact a form, a record of the wider interests that at one time were open to the engineer.

There is a disappointment in store in the chapter headed "Retrospect and Summary." Here was an opportunity for an explanation of the meaning and significance of the records, so well put forward in the previous chapters. Instead we get a rather dull chronicle of the book's contents arranged by dates.

C. V. ARMITAGE.

FOR DEAR LIFE, by Belinda Jelliffe. Hurst & Blackett. 10s. 6d.

The portrait of the artist as a young man is mighty rare. Yet from time to time it is achieved.

It is achieved by Belinda Jelliffe in *For Dear Life*. This book contains the strange episodes, the extraordinary persons, the heartburnings which are the norm of autobiographies. But everything is held together, there are no loose ends. One incident dovetails immediately into the next, the pace never slackens for an instant, while the tension is drawn so tightly, the selection is so masterly, the main portrait so clear and yet so unegotistical —that we ask, how has she done it at all? And we know the answer. This is the story of a country American girl who was possessed with a passion to seek education. It obsessed her. It filled the empire of her thoughts. It drove her out into the world. And the secret of her autobiography is that the same passion drives it along, gives it a dramatic shape, a curve, and a goal. Most autobiographies are built up on vanity. Here is no vanity, only courage and suffering in pursuit of a goal which is never reached in the way expected.

J. S. C.

THE TWILIGHT OF AMERICAN CAPITALISM, by A. S. J. Baster. P. S. King. 9s.

The verdict which Mr. Baster pronounces is essentially an interim judgment; for better or worse, the economic cycle which President Roosevelt's New Deal experiment initiated is still incomplete, and this admirably fair and objective analysis of its course ends with the spring of 1937, when the tide of recovery in the United States appeared still to be flowing strongly. To-day the tide is ebbing; a business recession which may be a passing fluctuation or the prelude to another paralysing depression is unmistakeably developing. The most interesting feature of Mr. Baster's book is the light it sheds on the underlying causes which have led to the present economic set-back.

It is comparatively easy to-day to affix responsibility for the present interruption in the progress of American recovery. Up to a point the policies of the New Deal were efficacious: reflation of prices by lowering the gold content of the dollar, the outpouring of £2,000 millions in loans and relief by the Reconstruction Finance Corporation, the inauguration of the Tennessee Valley and other vast public works schemes, the encouragement of trade union pressure for higher wages—all these factors combined to lift America up by her own bootlaces so long as their impetus lasted. Business quickened in response to restored consumer demand. But the wood-pile contained a nigger: the President failed to restore confidence among those who still retained the power to determine the direction and rate of capital investment. The Administration's hostility—partly real, partly supposed—towards Wall Street, the utility companies and Big Business in general resulted this year in wholesale contraction of capital investment by the electric power concerns, the railroads and the building industry. The consequence has been this autumn's business recession.

Mr. Baster would not claim that his book actually prophecies a coming slump; and, though his philosophy clearly has "liberal" leanings, he is now out to arraign Mr. Roosevelt and all his works. On the contrary, he admits that the situation in 1932 was such that *laissez-faire* conceptions had to go by the board if complete economic and social collapse in the States was to be averted. His lucid exposition, however, of the various phases of State intervention—in finance, industry and agriculture—leads him to the conclusion which present tendencies already seem likely to justify, that the New Deal has throughout been in danger of falling between two stools. It rejects socialization, even of key industries, as a solution; yet its interference in the operation of normal supply and demand and the working of capitalist market was sufficiently extensive to rise throwing the machine badly out of gear.

With the broad objective of the Roosevelt Administration—the establishment of an economic and social order founded on principles of justice—Mr. Baster is clearly in sympathy. His diagnosis of the difficulties inherent in what he calls "partial planning," penetrating, and though many will dissent from his view that the vested interests created by the New Deal are more dangerous to democracy than the "lobbies" established by unfettered private enterprise, his book is an impartial and informative summing up of the first-fruits of a remarkable experiment whose success is unhappy far from certain.

AYLMER VALLANCE.

LONDON MUSIC IN 1888-89 as heard by
Corno di Bassetto (later known as
Bernard Shaw). With some further
autobiographical particulars
Constable. 7s. 6d.

To many people it comes as something in the nature of a surprise to think of Bernard Shaw as a musical critic, and yet, as he reveals in his autobiographical note to *London Music in 1888-89*,

ame of a family devoted to music and consequently had grown up absorbing as a natural part of his life. In his early days in London, opportunity came for proving his worth as a musical critic with the founding of *The Star* in 1888, when T. P. O'Connor agreed to let him have two columns a week for "a feuilleton on music." The question of a suitable pseudonym was pressing for the initials G.B.S. as yet carried no weight, and so "I had to invent a fantastic personality with something like a foreign title. I thought of Count di Luna (a character in Verdi's 'rovatore'), but finally changed it for Corno di Bassetto, as it sounded like a foreign title, and nobody knew what a Corno di bassetto was." And thus the name of this now almost-forgotten musical instrument, the basset-horn, was revived.

His weekly articles for *The Star*, here collected in book form, are all extremely readable, even after the lapse of years. Corno" does himself an injustice when he says in his preface "in criticism was a beginner," for he shows himself to have been a critic of unusual perception. He held himself aloof from the social side of the musical world and consequently was able to adjudge its personalities in a more detached manner than many another critic. In his weekly column he by no means confined himself to conventional musical criticism; his readers would be just as likely to open their papers on Friday morning and find him giving advice to would-be cornet players, expounding the merits of the dumb piano, giving a lecture on whistling, or discussing how best to practise without disturbing the neighbours, as an earnest and detailed discussion on Wagner, or Joachim's test recital.

We get an illuminating picture of London musical life in the 'eighties. The West End, St. James's Hall, Covent Garden, the Monday "Pops" and the Albert Hall, were the musical centres, with Joachim, Gilbert and Sullivan, and Adelina Patti of the glorious voice but exasperating temperament as the lions of the day, while

the Crystal Palace was the Mecca of devotees of August Manns. Shaw was an ardent advocate of "music for the masses," and never lost an opportunity of championing the cause of cheap seats. The abolition of applause, and the excessive floral tributes accompanying every song recital and a revision of the system of press tickets were other reforms he desired to bring about.

ELIZABETH VOSS.

TOGETHER WE STAND, by Leonard J. Reid. Cassell. 5s.

THE WAY OUT, by Sir George Paish. Ivor Nicholson & Watson. 6s.

For more than eighteen months, Mr. Leonard Reid reminds us, The Roosevelt Administration has been urging upon the British Government a policy of rehabilitating international commerce by means of an Anglo-American agreement for mutual trading benefits. The response over here, at first definitely chilly, has recently become at any rate lukewarm, and there are a growing numbers of political and business leaders who see in such a collaboration the one gleam of hope for democracy and peace. But it is desperately slow going in Whitehall, and there is grave danger that, as so often in political matters, H.M.G. will let slip a golden opportunity. It is a strange reversal of rôles, with U.S.A. business, apart from obvious exceptions, strongly in favour of lower and less burdensome tariffs, and the United Kingdom headed in the opposite direction.

That gold is an element of the problem the panjandrums of Whitehall presumably realize; and, if not, there are those in the City who will soon enough make their voices heard. Washington is not going to continue indefinitely the huge gold purchases at \$35 an ounce which have feathered the nests of powerful groups here and in South Africa. It is to be supposed that this aspect was not overlooked at the recent Imperial Conference.

The War Debt question is another. The author calls to mind the formal statement of the U.S.A. Attorney

General that, despite the provisions of the Johnson Act, Britain would not be declared to be in default if she continued token payments. And he makes a strong appeal for a resumption of token payments *plus* friendly negotiations, instead of "the farcical procedure of bi-yearly notes admitting liability and paying nothing."

There are obvious difficulties arising from the Ottawa system of exclusive preferences which has raised up a new crop of vested interests to reinforce the mental conservatism of officialdom, as proud of its post-1931 trade system as ever in the hey-day of free imports. And one can understand the desire of the Australian politicians to ca'canny until after the general election. Yet so much is at stake that bold and far-seeing leadership should brush aside these checks and balances.

That is the substance of Mr. Reid's impassioned plea. The book expands and develops a series of articles which he wrote as Financial Editor of the *Daily Telegraph* on the occasion of an important visit to the States in the early summer. One welcomes his lucid exposition of all the elements in the problem, but particularly his insistence that time is the essence of the matter.

"Patient waiting," he reminds us, "is not one of the virtues of the American people. To appreciate this you have only to drive down the Avenues of New York. The traffic lights there, as here, used to be red, amber and green. Now they are merely red and green. The intermediate amber put too great a strain on the patience of the American driver. In the avenue of international economic co-operation the lights are all green to-day. If they changed they would change not to amber, but straight to red. And red they would remain probably for generations."

Sir George Paish gives us, as always, the quintessence of economic liberalism: free trade, free flow of gold and credit, foreign lending for 'development,' equal access to colonies and foreign markets etc. But he is, one fears, swimming against the tide: recent statistics in *The*

Economist, for instance, show that whereas before 1914 over 50% of City loans went abroad, the figure to-day is under $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent! Like Mr. Reid he sees the only hope at present in combining with the U.S.A. for "economic appeasement."

W.H.C.

TOWARDS THE TWENTIETH CENTURY. Essays in the Spiritual History of the Nineteenth, by H. V. Routh, D.Lit., Byron Professor of English Literature at the University of Athens *Cambridge Press*. 21s. net.

THE RISE OF MODERN INDUSTRY, by J. L. and Barbara Hammond. Fifth edition, revised and enlarged. *Methuen*. 10s. 6d.

In Professor H. V. Routh's scholarly and illuminating work a serious attempt is made to investigate the efforts of the great Victorians to reconcile their culture with the age in which they lived. All are shown to have laboured "under a secret sense of weakness," arising, in each, from a lack of spiritual certainty. The same is shown to have been the case with thinkers such as Mill and Spencer, and with later writers such as Hardy and Conrad. Professor Routh contends that the great Victorians tried—and failed—to find some relationship between literature and the scientific and industrial developments of their time. Nearest, perhaps, to success were Samuel Butler, Nietzsche and Bergson. Despite their example, however, literature even now "shrinks from contact with the world and with science." Professor Routh finds hope for the future chiefly in the work of Thomas Mann and J. S. Haldane. But even these, the German novelist and the English scientist, can rather be said to be moving in the right direction than to have achieved complete success. Haldane, in particular, has not so much bridged the gulf between literature and science as "shown that the gulf could and can be bridged." "If Haldane has found the truth," writes the author, "we are our spiritual selves only at Beethoven concerts, on mountain glaciers, or by

the lake under a starlight sky ; perhaps in college rooms when midnight conversation renders sleep impossible." Thus, actual achievement has again eluded us, and "the new scientific humanism" is still beyond our grasp. But, if elusive, this culture of tomorrow is not illusory. "This is the world of humanistic insight and scientific imagination, which poets, moralists, and novel writers also must capture." With these words we are left, as it were, on the threshold ; if not silent upon a peak in Parien, at any rate nearing the summit on the hither side.

To find fault with a book conceived on so vast a scale, and informed with such deep thought and learning, might well seem difficult. Perhaps, however, the earlier pages tend slightly to confuse "Victorianism" with the ideas of the great Victorians whom our author has chosen to cite. And the author makes rather too much of his denial that the nineteenth century stood for any "established and widely accepted set of doctrines and principles."

Unlike Professor Routh, the Hammonds in this new edition, while progressing towards the twentieth century, entirely fail to reach it. This is mainly due to their choosing a very remote starting-point. In a chapter actually entitled "The World Economic Crisis of the Twentieth Century" the startled reader finds early mention of the Sumerians living in 4000 B.C. The handicap is considerable, and, although the next few thousand years are covered at a highly creditable speed, it naturally takes several pages to reach the Battle of Actium and several more to bring us to the Franco-Prussian War. Even so, the authors might very well have reached the present day, had they not caused to consider, at some length, the economic opinions of Cobden. This fatal blunder committed, it can be no wonder for surprise that the penultimate page should find us, a little breathless, contemplating the foreign policy of adstone.

C. N. PARKINSON.

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DENT

A FALSE UTOPIA : COLLECTIVISM IN THEORY AND PRACTICE, by W. H. Chamberlin. *Duckworth*. 7s. 6d.

PROMETHEUS AND THE BOLSHEVIKS. by John Lehmann. *Cresset Press*. 12s. 6d.

“Democracy” Mr. Chamberlin observes, “is definitely on the defensive.” In 1919 everybody still assumed that the destiny of democracy was to spread until it covered the whole earth—a consummation which did not then seem immeasurably distant. The founders of the League of Nations contemplated that all its members would be democratic states, and did not think of this qualification as an exclusive one. Now there seems no prospect of democracy taking root anywhere where it does not already exist. The issue is whether it will be able to hold the limited ground which it still possesses.

Mr. Chamberlin has adopted the military maxim that an offensive is the best defence, and launched a vigorous attack on the anti-democratic front line as represented by the Soviet Union and Germany. He has the comparatively rare advantage of having lived under both Bolshevism and National Socialism, and does not therefore succumb to the surprisingly common temptation of lauding one authoritarian régime in order to traduce the other. He has no difficulty in shewing that the machinery of both dictatorships is the same in its essential features. Its character is determined, not by the variety of its slogans, but the similarity of the problems which it has to face. Both dictatorships came into being through the same cause—the bankruptcy of the régimes which preceded them. “Tsarism fell,” writes Mr. Chamberlin, “not because of any cunning conspiracy of revolutionary leaders (every prominent socialist leader was either in prison or in exile when the March revolution occurred), but because not one regiment of loyal troops could be found to combat the leaderless, spontaneous rebellion of the Petrograd masses.” In Italy and Germany the attack was organized by determined

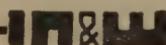
men. But here, too, it could not have succeeded if there had been any real defence.

The defence of democracy cannot however, consist in counter-measures similar to those used by its assailants for such measures are themselves the negation of democracy. Mr. Chamberlin is acutely conscious of the dilemma, and realizes that it is only to the extent that democracies believe in themselves that they can be victorious. The other dilemma, which Mr. Chamberlin less clearly appreciates, is that many of the economic pre-suppositions of nineteenth century democracy have passed away, and that democracy can only survive by adapting itself to the necessarily very different economic organization of the twentieth century state. That both Signor Mussolini and Professor Laski “are agreed that liberalism is a transitory and declining political doctrine” does not prove that they are both villains—or even that they are both wrong. There is nothing so dangerous for democracy as to believe that it can rest on its oars and find salvation in besprinkling the autocracies with abuse. Mutual mud-slinging is a resource best left to the autocracies themselves.

The author of *Prometheus and the Bolsheviks* must be allowed to explain the parable of his title. “I have called the book *Prometheus and the Bolsheviks* because Prometheus is the oldest poetic symbol of the Caucasus, and can at the same time be considered as the oldest symbol of what the Bolsheviks have had as their aim: the deliverance of man from tyranny by the seizure of material power.” The book is the result of a visit to the Caucasus in the Spring of 1936. The Georgian theatre and Georgian art seem to have been the main attraction for Mr. Lehmann; and on these he writes agreeably, though without revealing any very profound knowledge. His history and politics are of an amateurish kind, and appear to have been borrowed straight from his guides. Thus the Georgian struggle for independence in the nineteenth century against the Tsar strikes him as

heroic. But the Georgian struggle for independence against the Soviets was merely "treachery to the whole idea of the revolution." The gem of political simplicity is, however, the passage in which he records the recent dissolution of the Transcaucasion federation and the recognition of Georgia, Azerbaijan and Armenia as independent units of the Soviet Union, and opines that "under capitalist conditions" such a change would have entailed "incalculably far-reaching European consequences." Similarly, a German might argue—though none of them have, so far as I know, risen to this absurdity—that the recent peaceful merging of Lübeck, after even hundred years of independence, in Prussia and the equally peaceful annexation by Hamburg of a strip of Prussian territory are proofs of the essentially pacific character of National Socialism. Mr. Lehmann has collected some nice photographs, which will do more than the text to persuade the reader to visit Georgia for himself.

E. H. CARR.



THE WAY OUT

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6/- NET.

NICHOLSON & WATSON

THE DEAD MARCH PAST, by Gerald Griffin. *Macmillan.* 8s. 6d.

THE FARM BY LOUGH GUR, by Lady Carbery. *Longmans.* 10s. 6d.

THE WAY THAT I WENT, by Dr. Lloyd Praeger. *Methuen.* 21s.

Three more books about Ireland. They are so different in aspect that they go extremely well together. With Mr. Griffin we Go Down Sackville Street again. Indeed we do so with a great deal more ease and pleasure than with Dr. Gogarty. All the first part of the *Dead March Past*, when Mr. Griffin assumes the mantle of a sort of super-Boswell reporting the conversation of the once living legends from Endymion to Mahaffy, is remarkably brilliant. Here are the mad Irish whom the English know so well. When Endymion says: "I am Homer. In a later incarnation I became Julius Cæsar. . . . Once more there rises before my eyes the picture of Winston Churchill, then a British matron, stoically nursing her fifteenth child beneath the shade of a gnarled old oak tree"; when Sheehy-Skeffington says to the young ladies proffering him a white feather as an aid to recruiting in the War—"My dear ladies, I gratefully accept this symbol of my fear of war. I fear war"; when Mahaffy says of Bernard Shaw—"I like the impudence of this estate agent's clerk expressing opinions on matters of which he is supremely ignorant," we know that we have entered the Dublin of mythology which is now no more, though the dead are living and the living have not that life. The rest of the book chiefly centres round a tinker, a fine blackguard whose length of tongue and violence of manner are matched by his primitive daughter. I have never read a more Irish book than this, and few with dialogue to approach it. It is O'Casey again. Why does Mr. Griffin not write for the stage and take the high place which should belong to him.

Lady Carbery removes us far from these scenes. It is Ireland all right, but another Ireland. It knows not "the troubles!" It is the transcript of a Mrs. Mary Fogarty whose memoirs

of childhood and youth on a County Limerick farm carry us through much of the nineteenth century. Instead of bitterness, ambition, witticism, hatred, and guns we have peace and sweetness and the light that save in Ireland never was on sea or land. The farm lay on the edge of Lough Gur which dominates the scene. "It was to us a personality loved, but also feared. Every seven years, so it said, Gur demands the heart of a human being." Here, mirrored within the circle of one family, we have the history of an era which has passed away. This home was a world in itself into which neither politics nor poverty entered. It seems to us as far away as some enchanted isle where once upon a time there was peace and contentment, unity between masters and men, between mistresses and maids—in which atmosphere four little girls grow up in a world still further removed, composed of fairies and saints. An atmosphere of culture also, in which the evenings are spent, not in listening to the wireless but in reading the classics aloud. In the general de-progress which we witness on all sides today, a book of this kind is depressing; for what can any country put in the place of the traditional rural life which everywhere is being broken up?

It is a relief to turn to Dr. Praeger. If he takes us still further from politicians and temporary problems it is to lead us back to that which is eternal. The dead may march past, the folk-lore fade, the celtic twilight turn to night, and the new cold day dawn; but the rocks of Ireland and the flowers, the birds and the beasts and the caves in which the seals make their sport—remain. And it is upon these things that the distinguished naturalist dwells in his very glorified guide-book to the eternal verities of the island. As First Assistant of the National Library it is not improbable that he walked down Sackville Street. But if he met a poet or a philosopher or a politician or a patriot, he does not say so. Indeed the only man he quotes as having said anything in Dublin is an engineer who

tells him the derivation of the city's name (double-inn); while the only witticism he makes in the book is when he reminds us of the man who said that he had two brothers still alive "and one in Belfast." The great merit of this book lies in its happiness: it is informed with love instead of with bitterness or nostalgia.

J. S. COLLIS.

THE IMPERIAL FACTOR IN SOUTH AFRICA, by C. W. de Kiewiet. Cambridge University Press. 15s.

Professor de Kiewiet in this volume only deals with South Africa between 1871 and 1885, carrying on from his own sections in the Cambridge History and covering the ground there dealt with by the late Cecil Headlam and Mr. Hofmeyr. But his approach is different from theirs and he presents no fragment but a self-contained story. While Britons can learn much from it South Africans can profit by seeing how, despite its innate faults and serious blunders, the Imperial Government can be acquitted generally, of both bad faith and ignorance. Herein lies the clue to the book; it should help in the welding of the southern nation by removing misunderstanding and, if we over here will but learn, it may save us trouble and disappointment elsewhere in Africa since it is full of lessons for to-day.

As regards the former, South Africans have, as a rule, insufficiently realized how Colonial policy had to fit in with Britain's foreign and domestic problems; to them it seemed the whole, to Britain it was but a part. For the rest, despite a fundamental fair-mindedness which actuates the Colonial Office, "false economy" can still be labelled "its cardinal sin"; now, as then, of its policy

"it is hardly an exaggeration to say that the Treasury and the exigencies of the British budget have made as much Colonial history as the Colonial Office itself."

Such an example occurs about Delagoa Bay on p. 107 and, more generally, on the situation in 1877, on pp. 137 *et seq.* which has been closely reproduced

uring the recent depression. And how familiar seem these words, written in Natal in 1880 :

"To tax the native population, to release the labour force, and to encourage the natives to increase their consumption of dutiable goods—these were not the whole of the native policy, they were nevertheless a great part."

Another opportune lesson, to be noted by amalgamationists elsewhere, is that the failure of Carnarvon's policy (for confederation) was that it did not win for the natives a higher and better place in the future of the land they "lived in". Professor de Kiewiet tells us "the subtly dangerous struggle between Europeans and natives for land and the mode of existence which land alone will ensure," which is still the bedrock of all African problems wherever settlement is practical. The South Africa Act of 1909 unfortunately confirmed, and for a like reason, the radical law which disfigured its predecessor of 1877, and this will, or should be, the dominant issue in the settlement of the vexed question of the South African protectorates. Concerning these last two books sets forth clearly the origin of their present status.

Particularly pleasant are the side-lightings on many of the figures on the stage : Sir Richard Southey, Sir Henry Bulwer, Lord Carnarvon, Sir Theophilus Leopold and Sir Bartle Frere. ("To aid Frere is to discover the essential originality of Rhodes. Rhodes did not discover African imperialism. His task was to set it on high like an *éclat flamme*.") And the dominant impression is that no other part of the British Empire has ever been served like time by so many men of ability whose best plans were so frequently frustrated. Now that South Africa, mistress of her destiny there should be less frustration, but will her plans be as good as the best of those earlier days?

Professor de Kiewiet writes smoothly, with erudition and deep research into archives never make heavy reading. The book is well indexed but would be improved by the provision of a map.

FRANK MELLAND,

BRYNHILD, by H. G. Wells. *Methuen*. 7s. 6d.

STARTING POINT, by Cecil Day Lewis. *Cape*. 7s. 6d.

MORWYN, by John Cowper Powys. *Cassell*. 7s. 6d.

COMING FROM THE FAIR, by Norah Hoult. *Heinemann*. 7s. 6d.

Mr. Wells' achievement is already complete, clearly labelled, publicly acclaimed. And yet, for my generation at least, Mr. Wells's reputation is a very puzzling thing. He appears always to despise the novel as a medium. His is a mind which generalizes quickly and moves most confidently in the realm of abstractions. Civilization, science, politics, the future—it is to these broad and deceitful horizons that Mr. Wells turns his eyes most gladly. The novelist is hag-ridden by the "thinker"; but in this capacity Mr. Wells lacks the amenities of an original mind. He has always been a popular exponent of that crude and narrow rationalism with its cocksure verities which grew up with the nineteenth century.

This is a roundabout way to approach Mr. Wells's new novel, *Brynhild*, but it does help to explain the dissatisfaction that the book provokes. Mr. Wells has tried to honour the qualities of the Novel as a medium, he has aimed to embody his abstractions in concrete and living particulars, and there is one exuberant characterization in the Dickensian manner which emerges successfully. Apart from that, the whole theme dwindles in Mr. Wells's hands. There is a progressive belittling of the characters until the book finally peters out in a trivial, almost somnambulistic, adultery. Mr. Wells, of course, writes with his usual *verve*, making shrewd comments and keeping above a certain minimum level of sophistication; but the progressive disintegration of *Brynhild* convinced me that Mr. Wells's deeper interests had never been engaged in a more than desultory way.

Mr. Cecil Day Lewis, already celebrated as a poet, has just published his second novel, *Starting Point*. This

novel presents the very familiar situation of Oxford adolescents embracing the religion of Karl Marx, a popular romantic theme of the moment to which Mr. Lewis does not bring a fraction of the talent that he showed in his earlier verse. As a poet, Mr. Lewis has already converted this romantic yearning into a rich and objective imagery. In his novel, in spite of his admiration for James and Kafka, there is no attempt to convert intellectual concepts into an appropriate imagery. There is, indeed, surprisingly little interest at all in the qualities of prose. Mr. Lewis accepts uncritically the debased jargon of library fiction, just as he accepts the mild hysteria of his adolescents at face value. *Starting Point* is as good as the general run of novels, but that should be no compliment to a poet of Mr. Lewis's calibre. It is considerably inferior to Mr. Randall Swingler's *No Escape*, which dealt with a similar theme.

Mr. John Cowper Powys is in the tradition of insular "originals," rather priding himself on a degree of eccentricity. He is, in the best sense of the words, a local and provincial writer who would be unthinkable in any language but English. According to the publishers, *Morwyn* is reminiscent of Homer, Virgil, Dante, Milton, Swift, and Voltaire; it is therefore a little naive to add that Mr. Powys considers this his best book. *Morwyn* recounts a descent by Mr. Powys into Hell, which is found to be peopled exclusively by exponents of cruelty. The lesser lights are simple sadists, the arch-fiends are religious persecutors and vivisectionists. Mr. Powys has a ferocious hatred of vivisection, and he compresses it into a nicely modulated prose. The drawback of *Morwyn* is the lack of variety, which makes it more suited to the length of a long short-story. The reader's interest is likely to flag long before the end, while Mr. Powys in desperation forsakes Homer, Dante and the rest in favour of Jules Verne.

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Miss Norah Hoult's *Coming From The Fair*, a sequel to *Holy Ireland*, is a study of Dublin in roughly the same period as Mr. James Joyce's *Ulysses*. Comparison is inevitable, and Miss Hoult is brave—or rash—to invite it. In *Coming From The Fair* the fortunes of a particular family are recorded, but the background of Dublin life occupies most of the foreground as well. Miss Hoult repeats many anecdotes, which are amusing as such; she recalls songs and landmarks, and they are interesting; she also introduces living people, and that has a certain piquancy. But she has none of Joyce's skill for weaving these things into a unity. *Coming From The Fair* is a symposium of reminiscences, a useful notebook. It is, of course, entertaining to read as each of these books is. They are all competent, more adult than an "A" film, pleasant enough to pass the time with, and yet ephemeral and inadequate. You can put them on your list, but they'd none of them be missed.

A. DESMOND HAWKINS.

OUR CONTRIBUTORS

For the benefit of our many overseas readers we provide here each month a brief sketch by way of introduction of our Contributors to THE FORTNIGHTLY public.

Present turmoil in the Pacific and Mediterranean areas is a grimly sufficient commentary on "a land fit for heroes" and similar samples of the rhetoric of 1918-19. While the author of that luckless phrase is still without peer in the use of the telling quip—e.g., his recent description of Mr. Anthony Eden as a "first-class chauffeur" unable to drive properly because of the "assembly of nervous wrecks behind him," the responsible statesmen of to-day are in no small measure reaping what Mr. Lloyd George sowed in the years of his premiership.

That, at least, is one of the strongest points claimed by Robert Boothby, I.P., in his defence of British foreign policy today, with which, by way of *épilogue* to "Pertinax" and Sir Arthur Villert, we open this month.

Like Anthony Eden on whose behalf he pleads Robert Boothby belongs to the generation that came to manhood during the War. As Member of East Aberdeen he has now had thirteen years' experience of the House of Commons and has established a reputation for independent thought and action. For many years he served as Private Secretary to Mr. Winston Churchill, with whose impetuous spirit and diamond intelligence he has much in common.

No doubt Mr. Boothby shares the contempt of his generation for the men with their minds embedded in the pre-1914 era, who are patently at sea when confronted with the bluff and violence of present-day international relationships. But the best of all excuses for the continual "concentrating on the rear" (Mr. Lloyd George's phrase, again, taken from the aphemistic war-communiqués) is the

plain fact that in the age of the aeroplane Britain has exchanged a position of unchallengeable oceanic power for one of relative weakness and extreme vulnerability. **Willard Price** points this moral in regard to the Pacific, **Michael Langley** in relation to the Mediterranean.

Michael Langley is a young man who has travelled, on a cycle, through Europe and the Near East, and has written arresting articles in *The Times* and other papers. For the past year or so he has been acting editor of *The Times* of Malta. His suggestion that the one remedy for Mediterranean is to internationalize the main strategic points, though it may sound fanciful, is likely to be taken up officially before many years are past.

We publish two articles on the burning question of Palestine. **William Zukerman**, who has written before for THE FORTNIGHTLY, is an American journalist, living in London, able to take an unusually detached view of Jewish problems. He shows that the Balfour Declaration of 1918 could not possibly stand up to the gruelling tests of twentieth-century reality.

Apart from Palestine, the most delicate issue in British imperial relations at present is probably that of the transfer of the Native Protectorates, now under British suzerainty, to the Union of South Africa. **G. H. Wilson** contributes an authoritative statement on this problem which should silence many facile criticisms that are voiced over here. The author is editor of *The Cape Times* and he has worked on that paper in different capacities since 1895, so that he may claim the closest acquaintance with his subject.

Joan Griffin lifts the veil from a part of Europe, the Sub-Carpathian sector

of Czechoslovakia inhabited by Ruthenes, about which very little has been written. And in these days when the Central European States are usually "in the dock" for some or other sins of commission or omission, it is a welcome relief to find praise bestowed on the Czechs for their treatment of the Ruthene minority. Henry Baerlein's "Conversations in Bohemia" illuminate another, hitherto intractable, problem, that of the three million Germans in Czechoslovakia—without pointing to any solution.

With *Tomorrow's Homes* by H. Pearl Adam, we are out of the all-pervading realm of politics. Mrs. Adam, who is

no stranger to readers of *THE FORTNIGHTLY*, has been very much struck in her visits to the annual Antiquarian Dealers' Fair by the revival—at different level, so to speak—of trend of fashion of earlier centuries. André Maurois, also an old friend, sends us this typically French sketch of woman with two eyes to the main chance. Finally, Hubert Waring writes of G. K. Chesterton, some of whose most characteristic work appeared in the pages of *THE FORTNIGHTLY*. Hubert Waring was a contributor to the REVIEW in the days of W. L. Courtney editorship.

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THE FORTNIGHTLY BAZAAR

A Lincolnshire "yellowbelly" may, perhaps, be allowed to raise one single protest against the excellent "Everyman's Literary Guides to the British Isles," produced by Messrs. J. M. Dent & Sons, to advertise the famed Everyman's Library. It is that the name of Tennyson should never be linked, as it is on the cover of these pamphlets, with the Isle of Wight. Certainly Tennyson went to live there, but no Lincolnshire man will agree that it ever did him any good. The pamphlets, dividing the British Isles into twenty literary sections, are, nevertheless, delightful and informative. They have been designed by Kathleen Conyngham Greene to demonstrate anew the unequalled range of the 940 volumes of the Everyman's Library and they are issued free to customers by any bookseller. Each pamphlet gives a little map of the literary area covered with the name of those authors whose work is associated with that district or in some cases a character from fiction. David Copperfield and Barnaby Rudge, for instance, share Eastern Counties with Goldsmith, George Borrow and others.

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No less than ninety courses of lectures are arranged by the University Extension Committee of the University of London, a good enough tribute in itself to the fine way in which London meets the demands of its citizens. Yet the work of the University Extension Committee cannot be too widely known, for in addition to the nine courses delivered in the City of London, lectures are given in about fifty local centres in different parts of London and the suburbs, at times convenient to those engaged in the ordinary occupations of life. Lectures cover a very wide field, there being courses in Literature, History, Law, Economics, Architecture, Painting, Philosophy, Psychology, and Bible Study, and lecturers include such distinguished men as Sir Banister Fletcher, Eric Gillett, C. E. M. Joad, L. U. Wilkinson, Arnold Haskell, the Very Rev. the Dean of St. Paul's, Professor D. Saurat, Professor A. P. Newton, Professor C. Ryder Smith and Sir Bernard Pares. Further information can be obtained on application to the University Extension Registrar (Dept. 16), University of London, W.C.1.

* * * * *

The Second Wednesday Lunch Club, founded this autumn by Mrs. Corbett Ashby, has achieved fame in a very short space of time, there being already over one hundred and fifty members. At the second luncheon, when Mr. Vernon Bartlett was in the Chair, and Señor de Madariaga spoke on "The Rôle of the Mind in Foreign Affairs," there was a vast and appreciative audience, which illustrated happily enough that the young can take a very real interest in the problems of the day. The Club has no association with any one political party and exists solely to hear speakers of authority on subjects of international and current interest, and we understand that Sir Frederick Whyte will be the speaker at the November meeting. Further information about the Second Wednesday Lunch Club may be obtained from the Hon. Secretary, 7, Tedworth Gardens, S.W.3.

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In his article defending the foreign policy of the British Government in this issue of THE FORTNIGHTLY, Mr. Robert Boothby remarks that in his view "ultimate salvation lies in a central authority controlling an international

air force, of which Lord Davies has been so consistent and so courageous a champion." There can be few of our readers who have not heard of the work of the New Commonwealth, the society established by the initiative of Lord Davies and Mr. W. Horsfall Carter, the present editor of the *FORTNIGHTLY*, in 1932. The New Commonwealth Institute, though an emanation from the Society, is entirely independent. Its purpose is to sponsor and conduct objective study of all questions coming under the category of "Problems of International Justice and Security." The New Commonwealth Quarterly is published by Messrs. Constable at the price of 2s. per copy, and anyone interested in the work of the Institute should communicate with Dr. Ernst Jäckh, The New Commonwealth Institute, Thorney House, Smith Square, S.W.1.

* * * * *

Singing in the bath tub, in spite of Miss Gracie Fields, is not always a popular pursuit, but anyone who enjoys making music with any instrument and in any form would probably find more than two and sixpennyworth of pleasure in the "Amateur Musician," which is published quarterly from the *FORTNIGHTLY* office, 13, Buckingham Street, W.C.2., half-a-crown being the annual subscription. However, if you don't like risking so vast a sum on things unseen, send sixpence in stamps for a specimen copy and be pleasantly surprised.

* * * * *

Finally please remember that on November 11th, every effort will be made to surpass the record of last year when £544,312 were collected for Earl Haig's British Legion Appeal, so please give generously for your poppy.